

10-3-4
4
EXTRA—Play "SLAP THE JAP" EXCITING NEW GAME INSIDE!

DAREDEVIL



MAY
NO. 10

"The Greatest Name in Comics"

TEN
CENTS

PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE, Inc. 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

DAREDEVIL GOES TO WAR AND VOWS
THAT ONE HUNDRED JAPS WILL FALL FOR
EVERY DROP OF AMERICAN BLOOD SPILLED
BY THEIR TREACHERY! AMERICA WILL
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER

ALSO
THE CLAW
REAL AMERICAN
PAT PATRIOT
THIRTEEN
LONDON

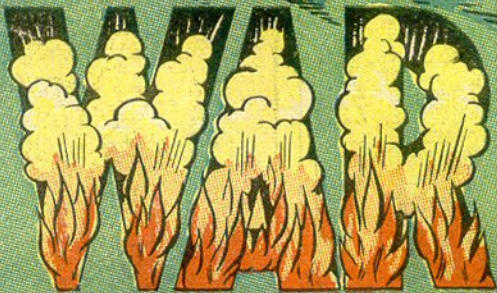
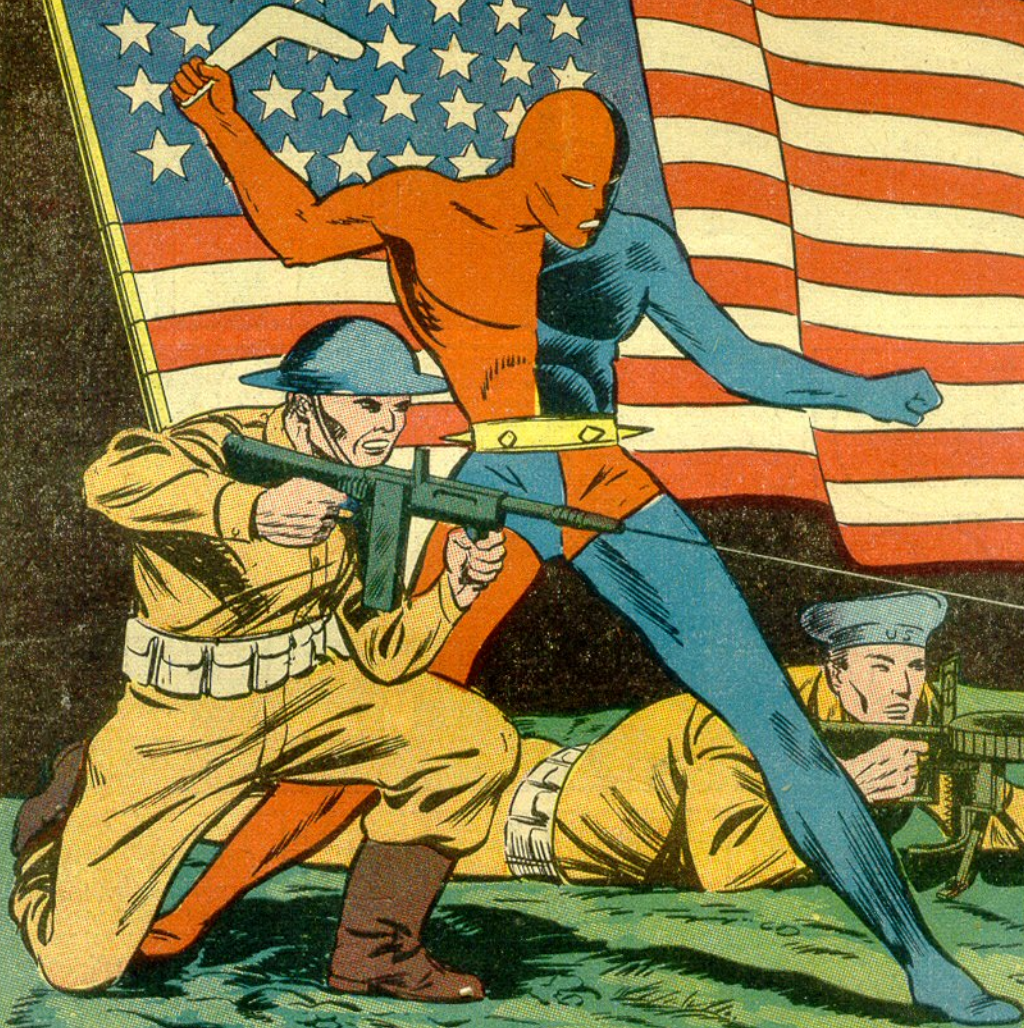
Many Other
Features





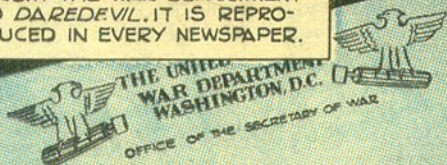
WEB COMIC
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DAREDEVIL



IS SERIOUS BUSINESS--WHEN MEN USE THE WHOLE WORLD AS A PLAYGROUND FOR A GIGANTIC GAME OF DEATH, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR IDLE JOKERS. ALL WARS ARE WON THROUGH GRIM DETERMINATION AND COURAGEOUS FORTITUDE...AND THIS WAR ABOVE ALL, MUST NOT BE LOST! YOU MAY NOT BE A **DAREDEVIL**, BUT NO PERSON IS TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO HELP! **DO YOUR PART...DAREDEVIL IS DOING HIS!!!**

THIS IS AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT TO DAREDEVIL. IT IS REPRODUCED IN EVERY NEWSPAPER.



DAREDEVIL:

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES REQUESTS YOUR ASSISTANCE IN THE PRESENT CRISIS. KNOWING YOUR PROPENSITY IN FIGHTING FOR YOUR COUNTRY IS AN INDIVIDUAL PASSION, WE, NEVERTHELESS FEEL THAT YOUR COOPERATION IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS WOULD BOOST MORALE AND BE OF THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO THE COUNTRY AS A WHOLE.

THE PACIFIC COAST RECRUITING STATIONS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED TO WATCH FOR YOU.

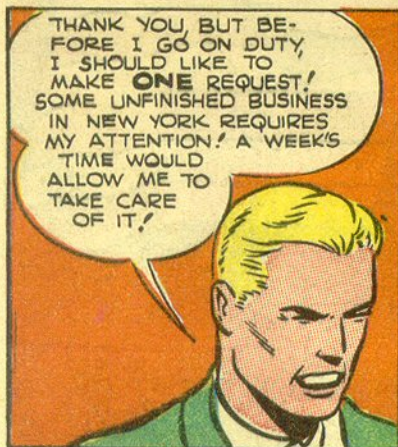
SINCERELY,

—SECRETARY OF WAR

A WEEK LATER, DAREDEVIL, ALIAS BART HILL APPEARS AT AN ARMY STATION.....

I'M BART HILL, SIR... I WAS TO CALL TODAY FOR MY EXAMINATION IN THE AIR CORPS!

OH, YES, HILL, YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN ACCEPTED! IF YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FIT, YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELF IN!



THANK YOU, BUT BEFORE I GO ON DUTY, I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE **ONE** REQUEST! SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN NEW YORK REQUIRES MY ATTENTION! A WEEK'S TIME WOULD ALLOW ME TO TAKE CARE OF IT!

SORRY, HILL, THE ARMY NEEDS EVERY MAN IN THE AIR AS SOON AS THEY CAN GET THERE! THE WAR DOESN'T STOP FOR PERSONAL MATTERS TO BE SETTLED!

CERTAINLY, SIR, I UNDERSTAND! YOU CAN CONSIDER ME READY FOR SERVICE THE MOMENT I'M NEEDED!



FINE! IT'S SPIRIT LIKE THAT, WHICH WILL CARRY AMERICA OVER THE TOP TO COMPLETE VICTORY! YOU'LL FIND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER THROUGH THAT DOOR...AND GOOD LUCK, HILL!

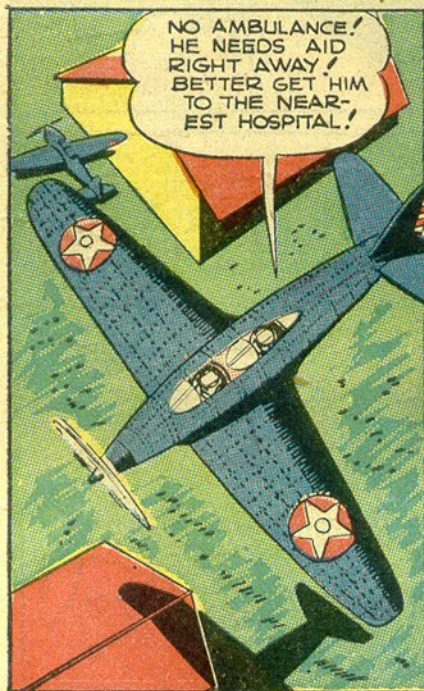
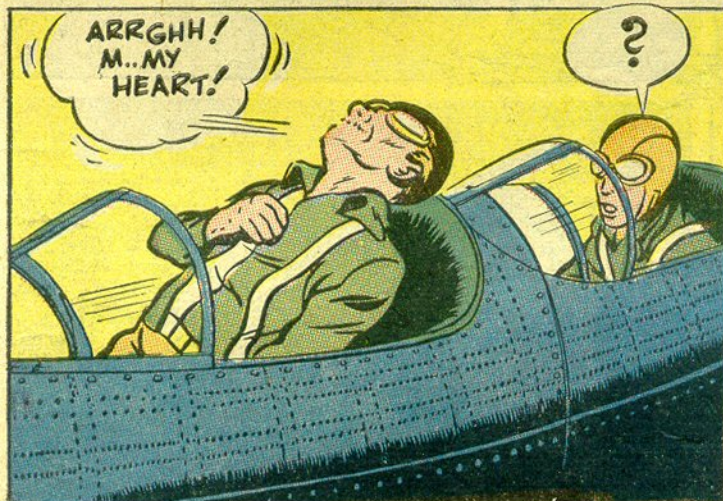
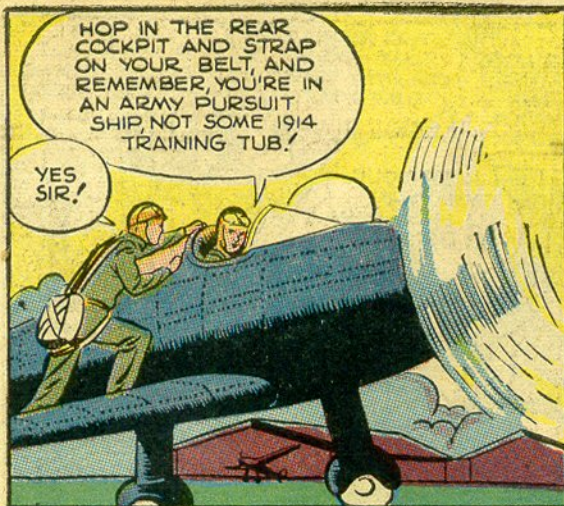
LATER...

BALANCE CONTROL PERFECT! ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ALL!



WELL, HILL, YOU'VE COMPLETED THE EXAM A-1 AND LET ME WARN YOU, THAT EVERY BIT OF YOUR PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL BE NEEDED! FLYING AN ARMY FIGHTER ISN'T FOOD FOR BABIES! YOUR NEXT STOP IS THE TRAINING FIELD!





THREE WEEKS LATER, THE TOUGH-
ENED ROOKIES ARE CALLED TO
ATTENTION.....

MEN, YOUR PRELIMINARY FLY-
ING INSTRUCTION IS ENDED! FROM NOW ON, THE TRAINING WHICH WILL MAKE YOU THE BEST AND TOUGHEST PILOTS IN THE WORLD WILL BEGIN! REPORT FOR FLIGHT DUTY IN ONE HOUR!



BOY O'BOY
HAVE I BEEN
WAITING
FOR THIS!
YIPP!

NO MORE
PETTICOAT
PILOTING!...
WHAT A
BREAK!

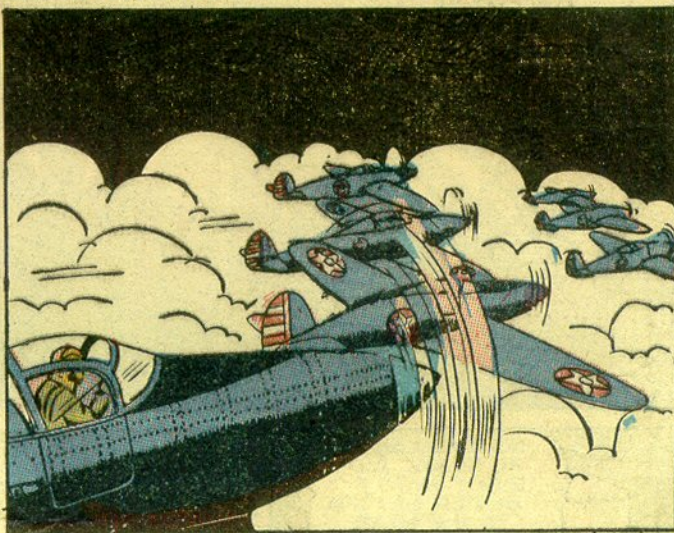
TWO BARREL
ROLLS AND A
FALLING LEAF!
WHAT A DIET!

YEH, WE'LL
PULL YOU OUT
OF THE GROUND!
DON'T WORRY!

KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN,
I'LL SHOW HOW
TO DO A REAL
9 G!



ALL RIGHT, MEN!
WE'LL CLIMB TO
FOURTEEN THOUSAND
AND FALL INTO FOR-
MATION 2 ZY!
LET'S GO!



DISPERSE! ALL
SHIPS WILL SEPARATE
THEMSELVES! FOLLOW
A HUNDRED MILE INDI-
VIDUAL COURSE AND
RETURN TO THE BASE
WITHIN FORTY MIN-
UTES! YOUR COM-
PASSES HAVE BEEN
DISCONNECTED!

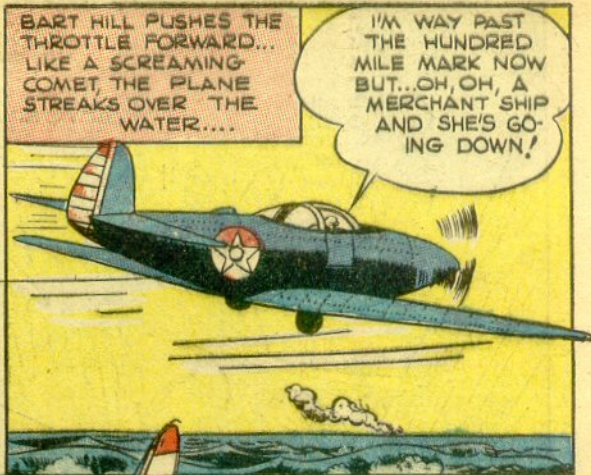


FORTY MINUTES!
WELL, DAREDEVIL, WITH
THESE SHIPS CLIPPING
OFF 350 PER HOUR,
THAT SHOULD BE
CHICKEN PIE! GUESS
I'LL TAKE THE
WATER ROUTE!



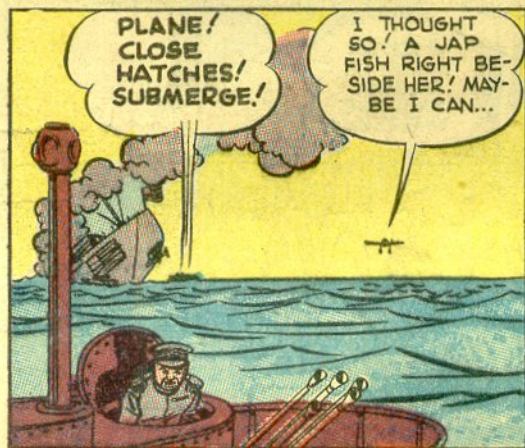


PERHAPS IT'S MY IMAGINATION, BUT THAT SMOKE COMING UP OVER THE HORIZON THERE SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR ANY SHIP TO GIVE OUT!



BART HILL PUSHES THE THROTTLE FORWARD... LIKE A SCREAMING COMET, THE PLANE STREAKS OVER THE WATER....

I'M WAY PAST THE HUNDRED MILE MARK NOW BUT...OH, OH, A MERCHANT SHIP AND SHE'S GOING DOWN!



PLANE! CLOSE HATCHES! SUBMERGE!

I THOUGHT SO! A JAP FISH RIGHT BESIDE HER! MAYBE I CAN...



GIVE HER A BLACK EYE!

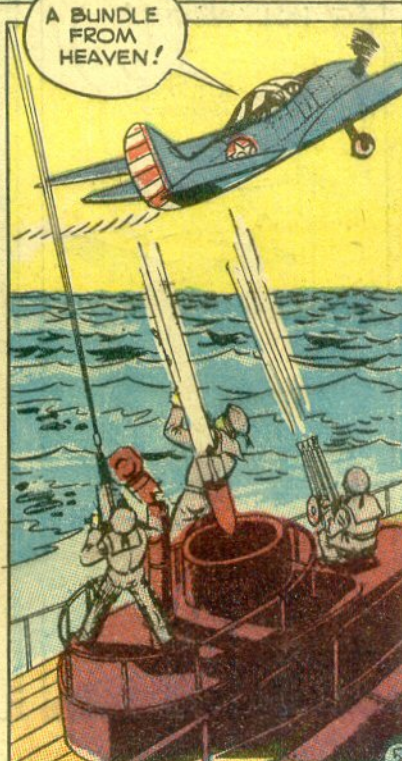


WHOOPS! THIS BABY CLIMBS LIKE A SKYROCKET!

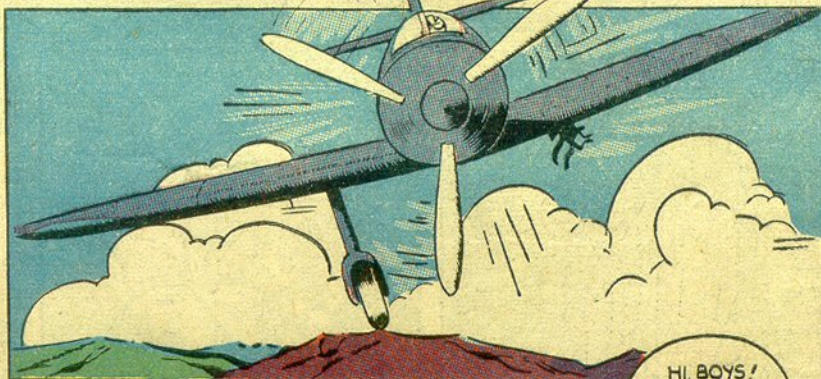
MAN GUNS! DOWN THE WHITE PIG!



大砲



A BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN!



WELL CAPTAIN, I DIDN'T GET BACK IN FORTY MINUTES! DO I GET ANOTHER TRY AT THE TEST?

TEST, NOTHING! ANYONE THAT CAN SINK A JAP U-BOAT, HAS PASSED HIS FINAL EXAM!



BUT I THINK AFTER YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE, YOU SHOULD HAVE A REST! TAKE TWO WEEKS FURLOUGH...AND INCIDENTAL- LY, THAT NEW YORK BUSINESS DECIDED TO COME TO THE WEST COAST! SHE'S DOWN AT THE AIRPORT WAITING FOR YOUR...



WOW! TONIA MUST HAVE GOTTEN THAT JOB AS AIR HOSTESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST LINES! WILL SHE LOOK GOOD TO ME!



WELL, FELLERS, BE SEEING- YOU IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

NICE WORK, BART! A FEW MORE LIKE YOU AND WE WON'T CARE IF DAREDEVIL DOESN'T SHOW UP!

LUCKY STIFF! I HAVEN'T SEEN MY LITTLE NUMBER FOR 12 MONTHS!



LET'S BUY ANOTHER TICKET, BART! THIS IS FUN!

WHY YOU DARLING DOPE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SEE ME BEFORE YOU JOINED UP?

YOU'RE PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO MISS AMERICA NOW, SWEET! SHE KEEPS ME UNDER HER THUMB PRETTY WELL!

THAT NIGHT IN FRISCO, A HAPPY COUPLE HEADS TOWARD THE BRIGHT LIGHTS...

BART HILL! STOP THIS MINUTE! YOU'LL HAVE THE MAN HYSTERICAL!



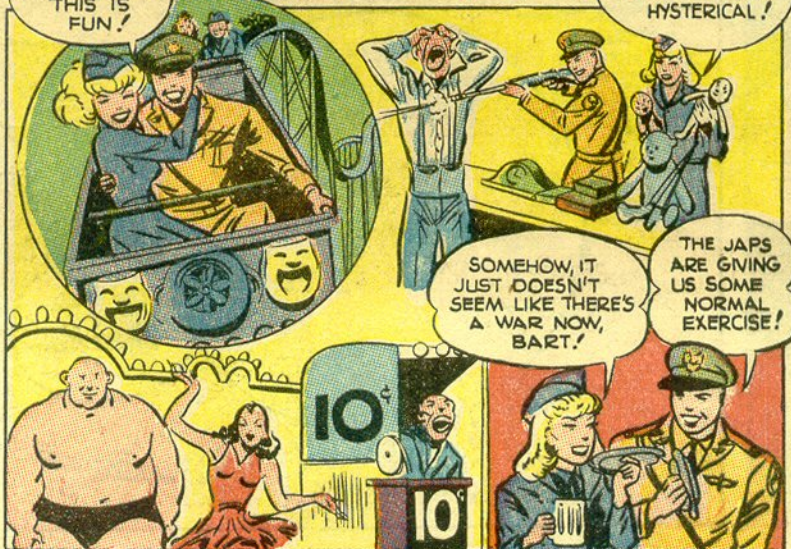
SUDDENLY--

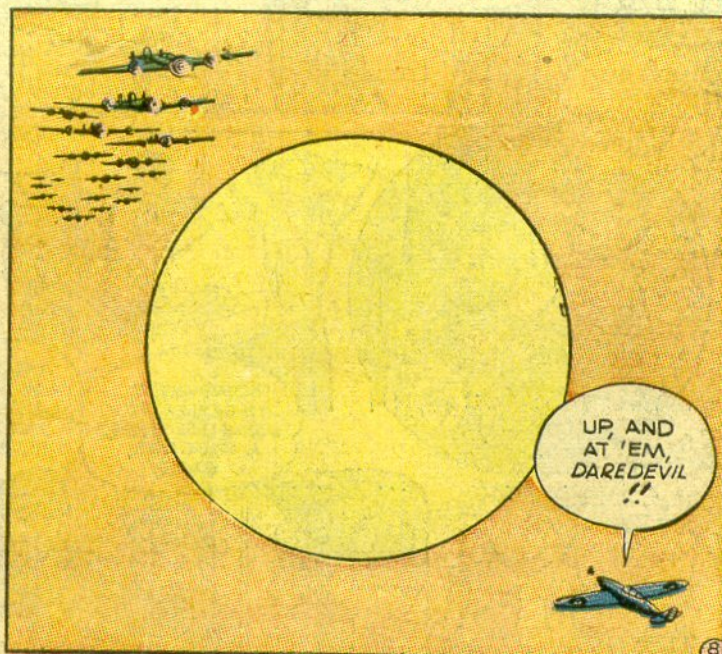
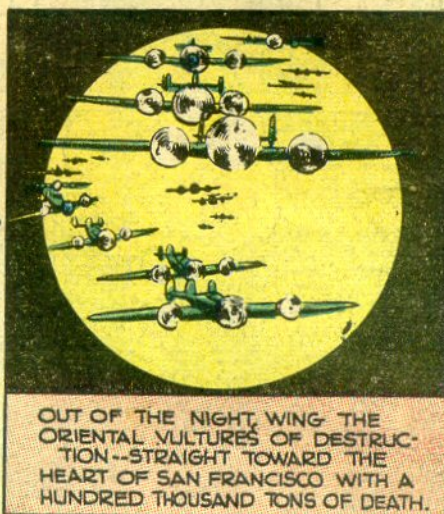
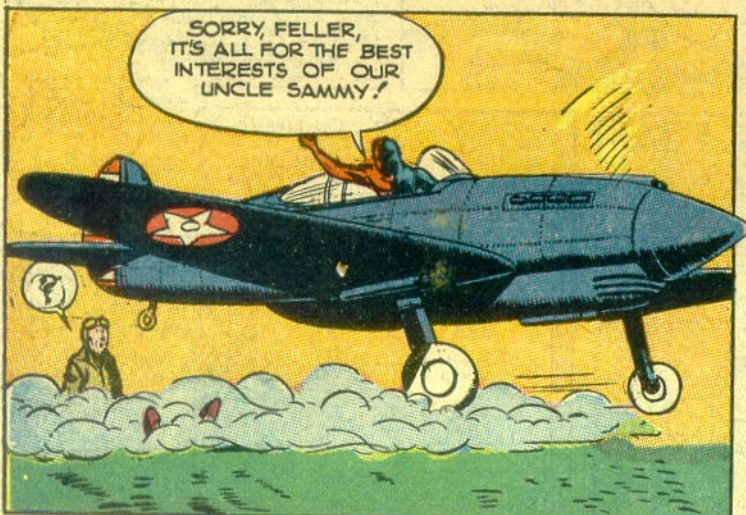
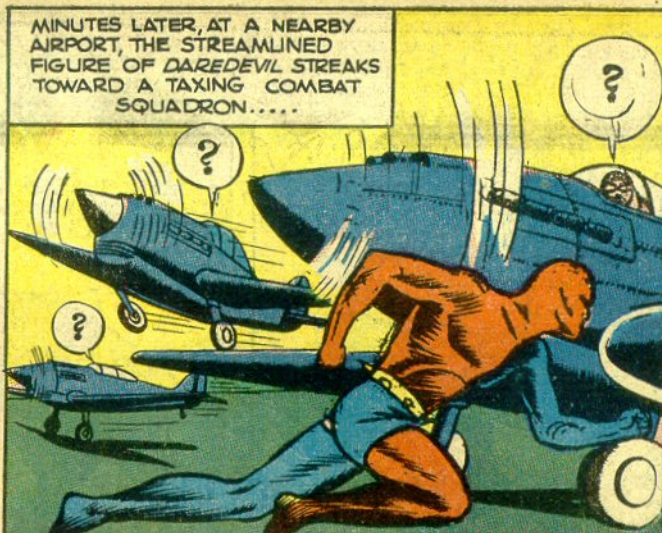
A SIREN SHRIEKS OUT... AN ENEMY AIR ATTACK!

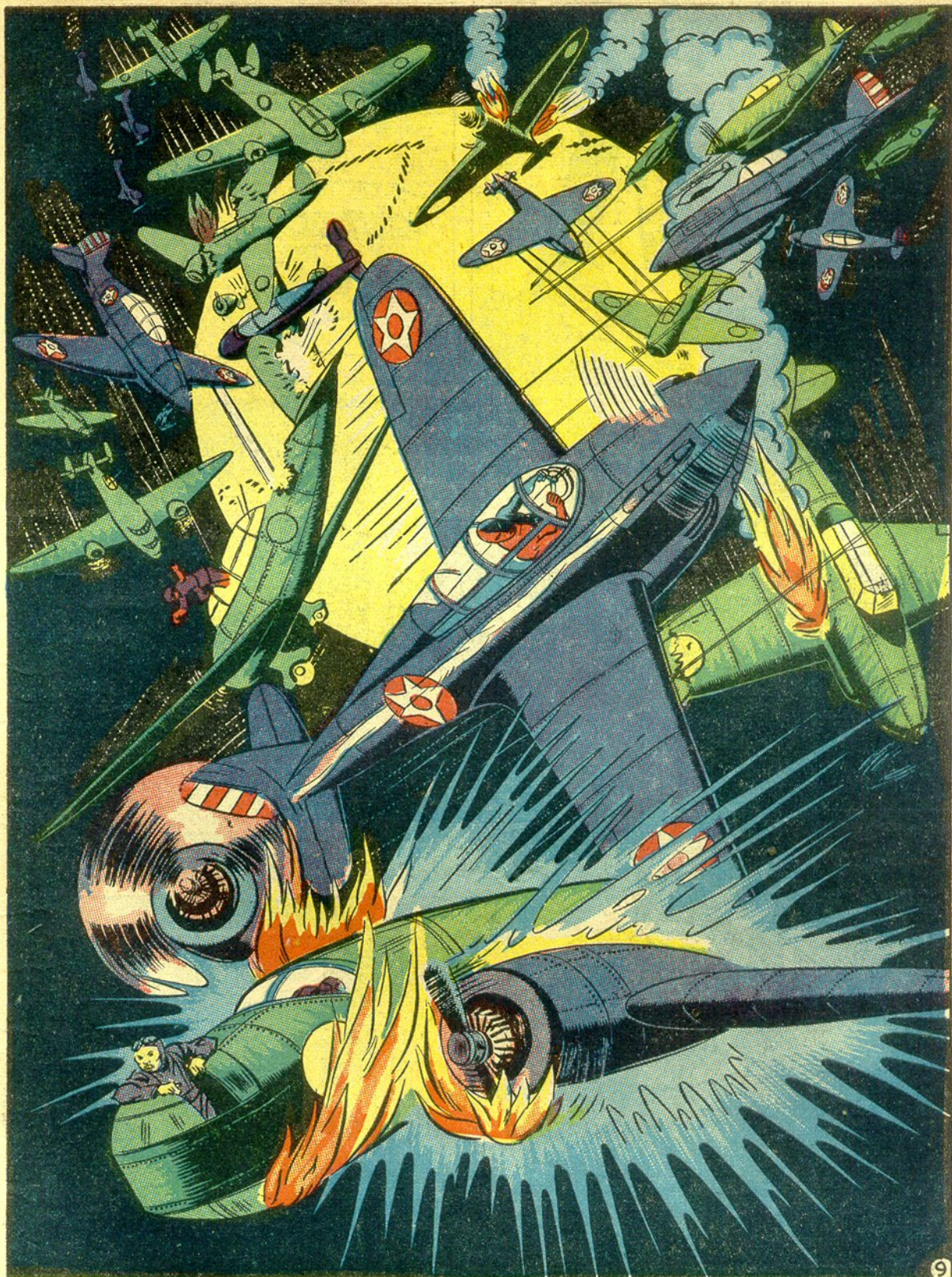


SOMEHOW, IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THERE'S A WAR NOW, BART!

THE JAPS ARE GIVING US SOME NORMAL EXERCISE!

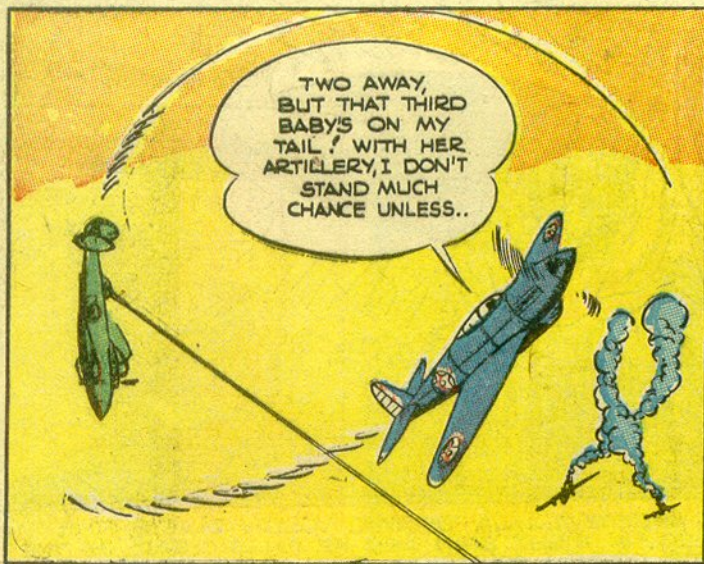
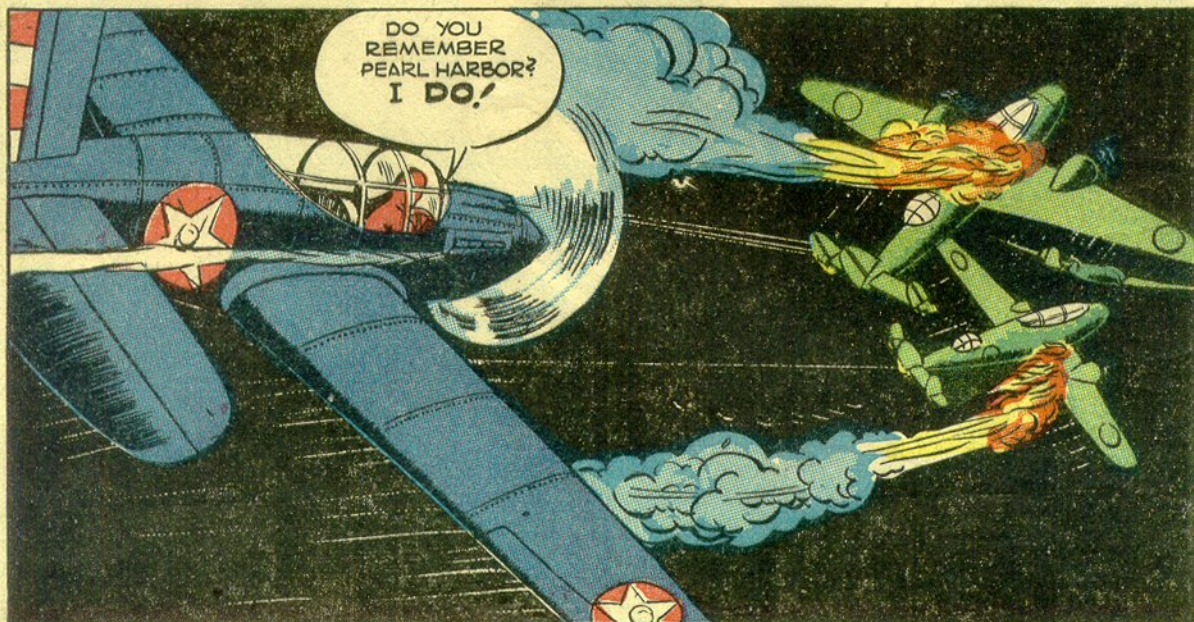
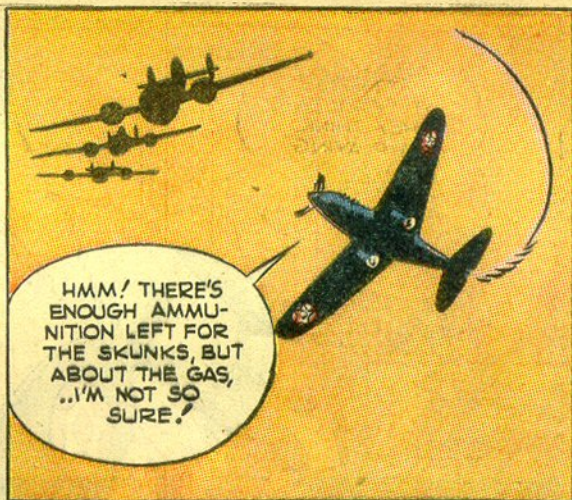


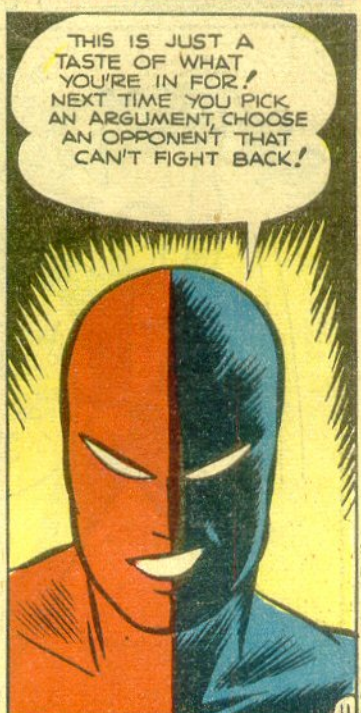
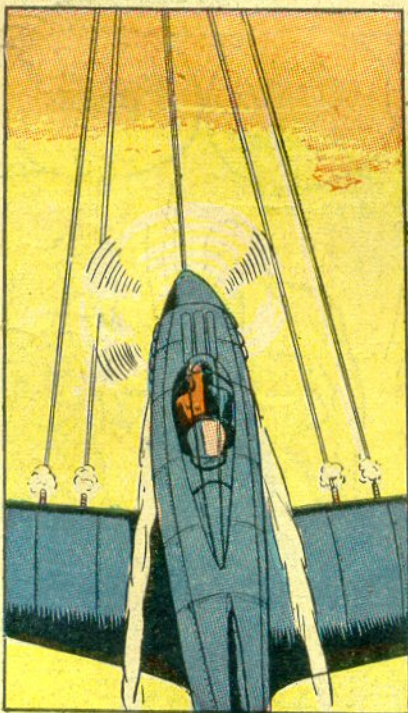
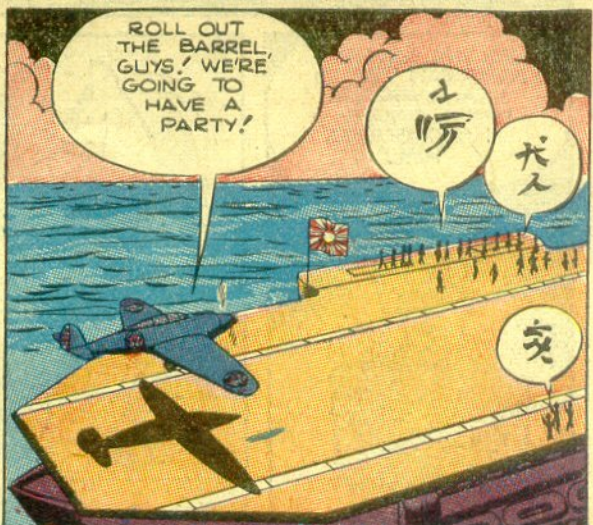


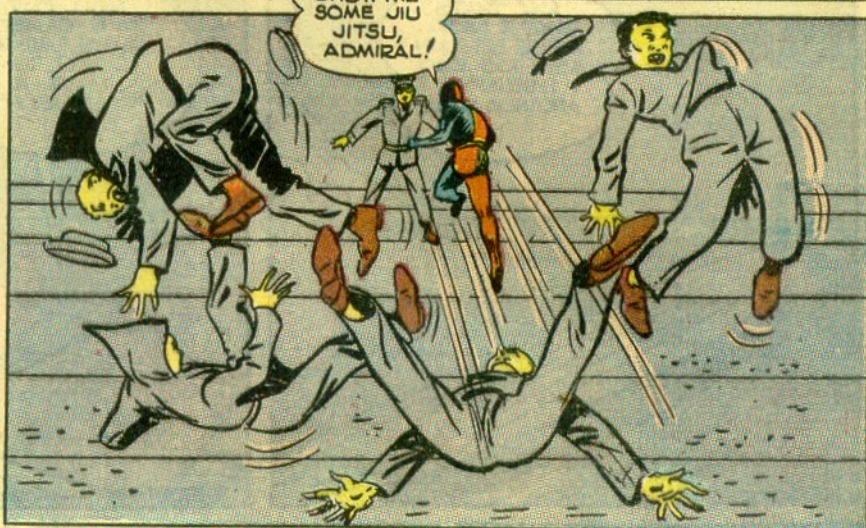


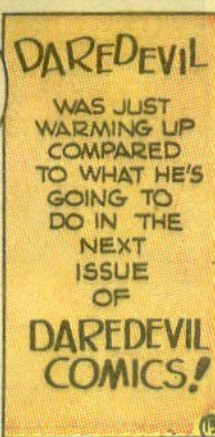
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INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH BLAZES DAREDEVIL.....A TERRIFIC VOLLEY BLASTS THE GAS TANK OF THE FIRST JAP BOMBER! A RIGHT SPIN AND HE FALLS CLEAR OF THE RESULTING RAIN OF LEAD FROM THE ORIENTAL SQUADRON....THEN, AS THE OTHER U.S. ARMY FIGHTERS JOIN THE FRAY, DAREDEVIL CIRCLES UPWARD AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!









SNIFFER

THE "BRUSH 'EM OFF" SERVICE OWNED AND OPERATED BY SNIFFER, PUBLIC TERMITE NO. 1, CONTINUES ITS SPECTACULAR DEVELOPMENT INTO A THRIVING BUSINESS. AS OUR STORY OPENS, A SMALL TIME BOOKIE RECEIVES A CALL FROM A CZAR OF THE UNDERWORLD. THE GANGSTER SPEAKS...LISTEN...

I SUPPOSE YA'VE HEARD OF THE "FINGERS" STREETER MOB... WELL THAT'S ME, SEE? I'D LIKE TO MAKE A LITTLE BET! ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!

SURE, FINGERS. WHAT'S THE NAG?

BY HUBBELL



DOGBISCUIT IN THE FIFTH RACE AT HIALEAH TO WIN!

DOGBISCUIT? SAY ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT NANNY GOAT'S ONLY GOOD FOR A ONE WAY TO THE GLUE FACTORY!

DON'T GIMME NONE O' THAT STUFF! IF YA DON'T WANT TO PLACE THIS BET, I'LL GET ANOTHER BOOKIE!

OKAY! OKAY! I'LL DO IT! IT'S YOUR DOUGH!

OF COURSE WE COULDN'T SAY WE HAD PRACTICALLY EVERY OTHER HORSE NEEDED, COULD WE? THAT WOULD BE TELLING!



FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS,
DOGBISCUIT!
HOLY SMOKE! WHY
DON'T HE JUST
TOSS IT OUT
THE WINDOW?

AND ME WITH
A TIP ON THAT
RACE HOT
ENOUGH TO
SCORCH YOUR
EYEBROWS!
IF I ONLY...
SAY!

IF I PLACED THAT HALF A G ON
WHIRLOFF, NOBODY'D EVER
KNOW! I COULD PAY OFF
THE MEDICOS AND STILL
HAVE PLENTY
LEFT OVER!

HIYA HARRY!
PUT THIS 500
ON WHIRLOFF
IN THE FIFTH
TO WIN!

JUST IN TIME!
THAT RACE GOES
IN FIVE MINUTES!
WHY DON'T YOU
STICK AROUND AN'
HEAR TH' RESULTS
OVER OUR
RADIO!

LATER...

HEY! HERE'S
TH' RESULTS
ON TH' FIFTH
RACE! QUIET!

AT HIALEAH...
FIFTH RACE, THE
WINNER, POST THREE,
DOGBISCUIT,
24.80--10.90--
3.60--SECOND,
POST FIVE, SAMPLER...

HOLY
SMOKE!
I'M SUNK!
WHAT'LL I
DO?

LATER, AT FINGERS STREETER'S
APARTMENT.....

THIS IS THE EASIEST
SIX GRAND I'LL EVER
MAKE! AH... THAT
MUST BE THE BOYS
NOW!

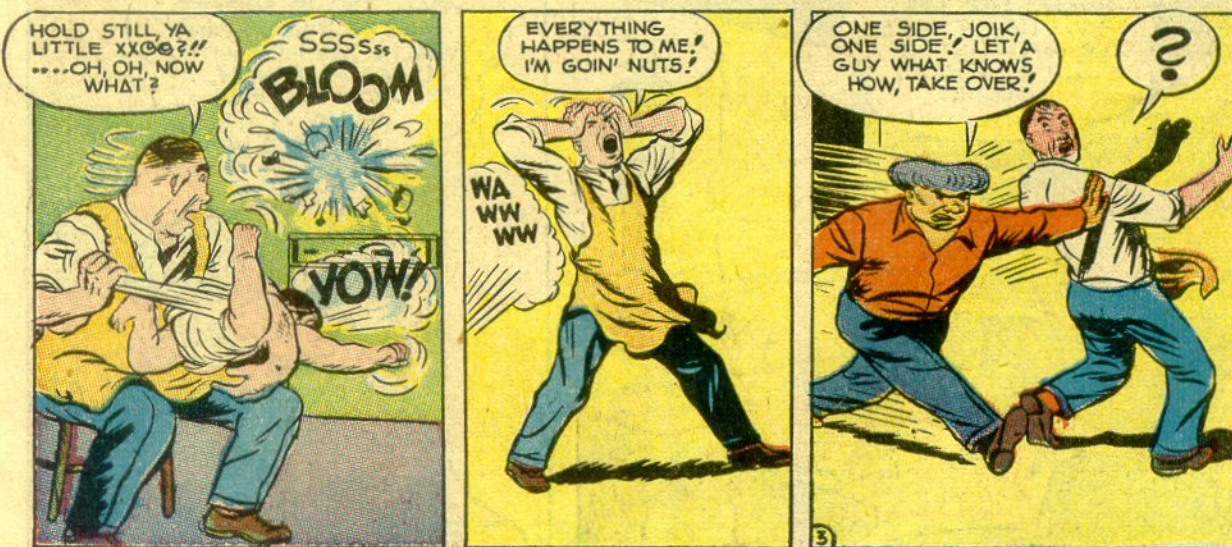
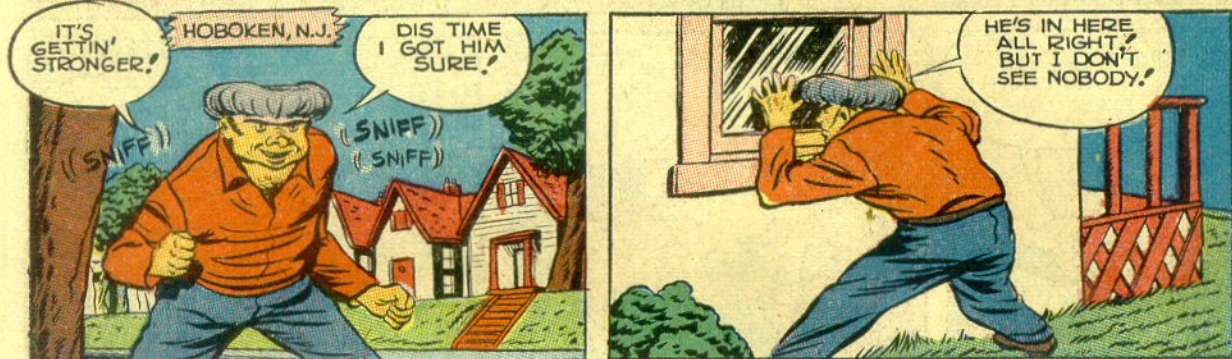
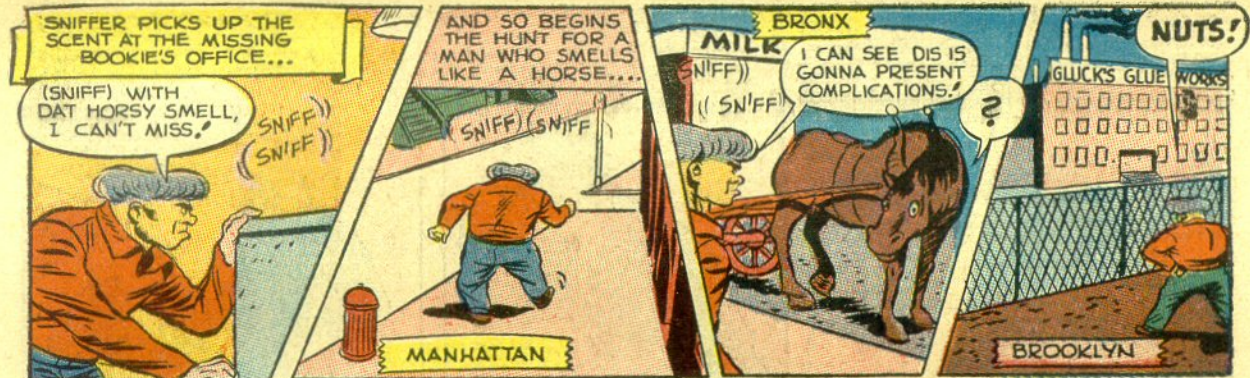
WHAT! WHAT YA
MEAN, HE'S GONE?
WHERE WOULD
HE GO?

JUST LIKE WE TOLD YA, BOSS!
...SO HE DON'T ANSWER, SEE...
SO WE BUST IN, AN' TH
JERNT'S DESOITED!

IF THAT RAT THINKS
HE'S GONNA GET AWAY
WITH THIS, HE'S NUTS!
AN' THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO TRAIL HIM!
GIMME THAT
PHONE!

AAAR! FER THE
LOVE OF...IT BETTER
BE IMPORTANT, I
JUST RUINED MY
SCORE!

YEAH, DIS IS SNIFFER!
WHO?... YEAH, YEAH?
WHAT? SKIPPED WIT'
DE CASH, DID HE?...
SURE, I'LL FIND
HIM!





HEY YOU!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA WALKIN'
IN WITHOUT
KNOCKIN'?

SHED UP!
C'MERE, KID!

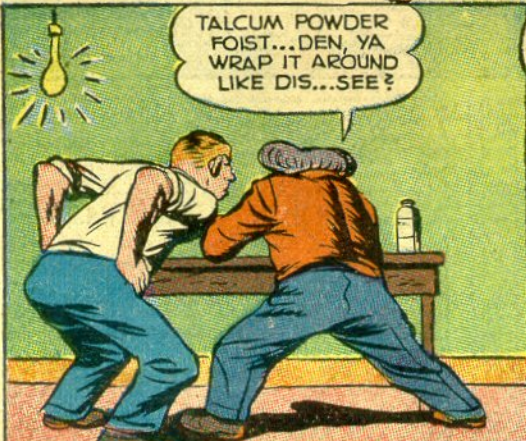
UGH!
WHAT A
FACE!



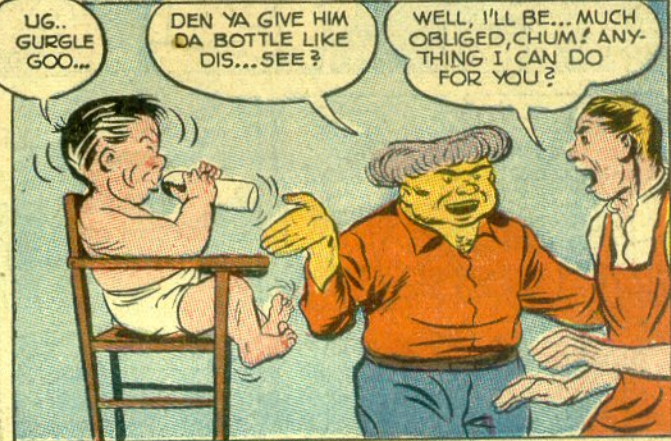
FOIST YA PUT DA
MILK IN A PAN O'
WATER, LIKE DIS...
SEE?



DEN YA FOLD DA
CLOTH LIKE DIS...
SEE?



TALCUM POWDER
FOIST... DEN, YA
WRAP IT AROUND
LIKE DIS... SEE?



UG..
GURGLE
GOO...

DEN YA GIVE HIM
DA BOTTLE LIKE
DIS... SEE?

WELL, I'LL BE... MUCH
OBLIGED, CHUM! ANY-
THING I CAN DO
FOR YOU?



YEAH, LET'S HOP INTO
DA LIVIN' ROOM! I DON'T
WANT TA GIVE YA DA
WOIKS IN FRONT OF
DA KID!

W.WAIT! DID
STREETER SEND
YOU? I CAN
EXPLAIN!



MY WIFE'S IN THE HOSPITAL!
I HAD TO HAVE DOUGH!
GIMME A BREAK! I'LL
RAISE THE MONEY BY
TOMORROW!

WHAT'S IT TO ME?
BESIDES, WHERE'LL
YA DIG UP TWELVE
GRAND? C'MON,
DIS'LL ONLY TAKE
A MINUTE!



RIGHT HERE, SEE?
BABY CONTEST TOMOR-
ROW! FIRST PRIZE
3,000 AND A HOLLY-
WOOD CONTRACT! ALEX-
ANDER'LL WIN IN A
WALK!

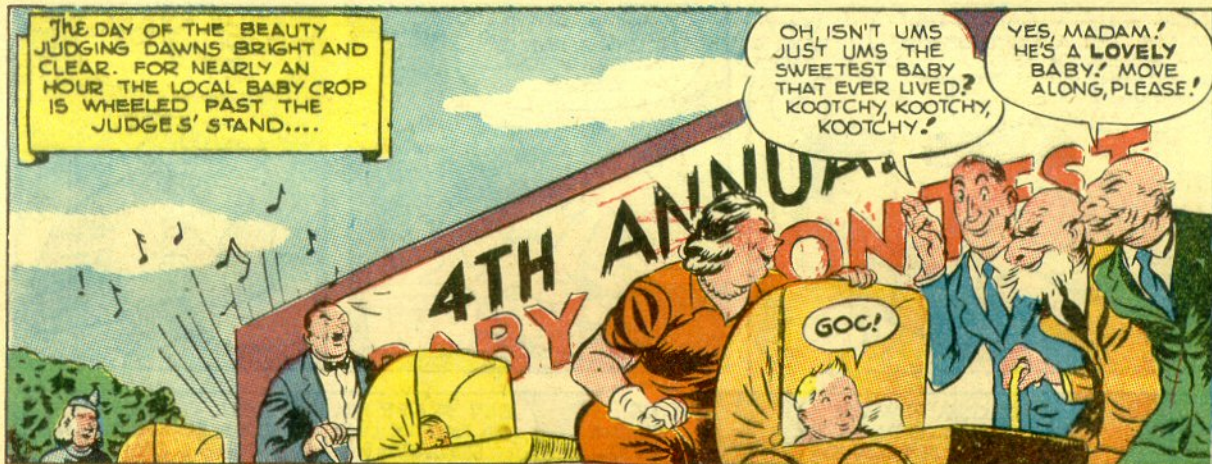
G'WAN DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH! WITH
THAT PUSS, HE DON'T
STAND A CHANCE!



SAY YOU CAN'T
TALK ABOUT MY
KID THAT WAY!

DRY UP! I'M GETTIN' AN
IDEA... AN' IF IT WASN'T
FOR YOUR KID, I WOULD-
N'T EVEN BOTHER!

THE DAY OF THE BEAUTY JUDGING DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR. FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE LOCAL BABY CROP IS WHEELED PAST THE JUDGES' STAND....



OH, ISN'T UMS JUST UMS THE SWEETEST BABY THAT EVER LIVED? KOOCHY, KOOCHY, KOOCHY!

YES, MADAM! HE'S A LOVELY BABY! MOVE ALONG, PLEASE!

GOC!

SUDDENLY...

GOOD HEAVENS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CHILD!

IMAGINE ENTERING A THING LIKE THIS! MY WORD!

DO YOU SEE IT TOO? I THOUGHT MY EYES...



OH YEAH? NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU MUGS, I'M WINNIN' DIS SHOW, OR ELSE!



ULP!...DID YOU HEAR THAT?

IT'S UN-BELIEVABLE!

DIS IS A TOMMY I GOT HERE! IF YA TRY TO CROSS ME, YOU'RE GOIN' TA GET IT! NOW MAKE UP YOUR MINDS.. FAST!



MERCY! WHAT A SITUATION! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THINK OF OUR REPUTATIONS!

YES! IF WE SENT THAT FACE TO HOLLYWOOD, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY?



ER..ULP...IF WE WERE TO DOUBLE THE PRIZE MONEY, WOULD YOU BE W..WILLING TO FORGET THE HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT?

W.E..LL... I DON'T KNOW! MAKE IT \$7,000 AN' I'LL THINK IT OVER!



MINUTES LATER, THE LOUDSPEAKERS BEGIN TO BLARE....

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE JUDGES HAVE REACHED A DECISION! THE AWARDING OF PRIZES WILL TAKE PLACE IMMEDIATELY!





WATCH FOR **SNIFFER** NEXT MONTH!
YOU'RE SLATED FOR A **BIG** SURPRISE!

Pat PATRIOT



IN A DANCE FOR DEMOCRACY, PAT PATRIOT, AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC, FINDS MORE GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES THAN A DRAMA OF FREEDOM.....

BUT EET IS NO USE...THE OPENING OF THE DIAMOND ROOM MUST BE SOMETHING SPECTACULAR, SOMETHING TERRIFIC!

ATOP THE SKYTOP BUILDING IN NEW YORK, AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE DANCE DIRECTOR, ADRIAN PERFECTO IS IN TROUBLE.....

Tom Shuster



...AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, PUBLICITY HOUNDS PUSH THE PROPAGANDA....

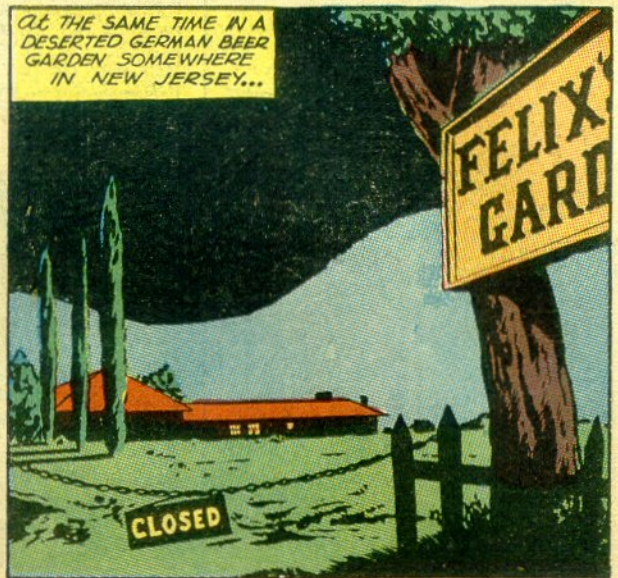
PAT PATRIOT

TO OPEN NEW DIAMOND ROOM

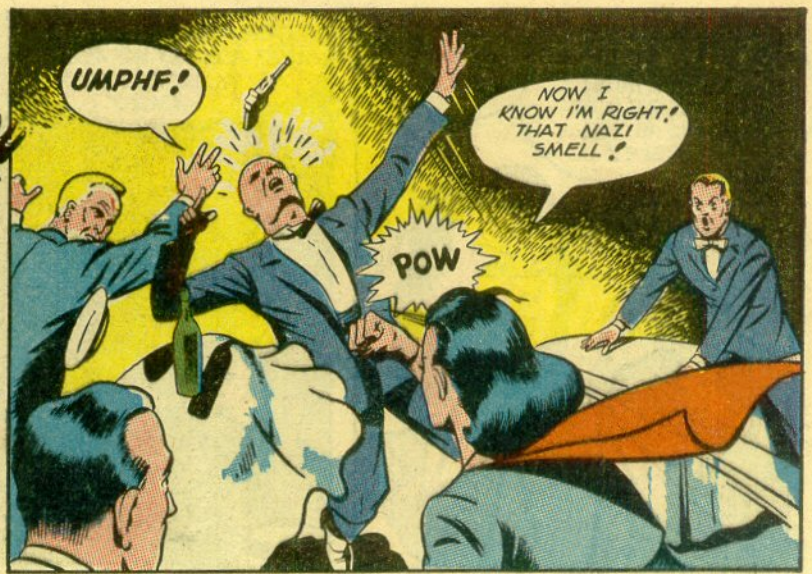
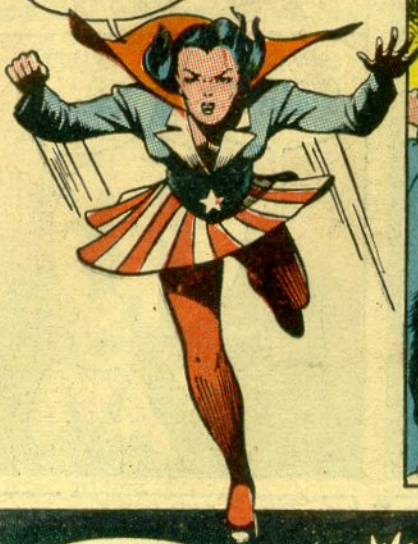
AMERICA'S GLORY GIRL WILL PLAY THE LEAD IN THE OPENING FLOOR SHOW OF THIS NEW NIGHT CLUB SUPREME

PROFITS WILL GO TO GOVERNMENT FOR DEFENSE





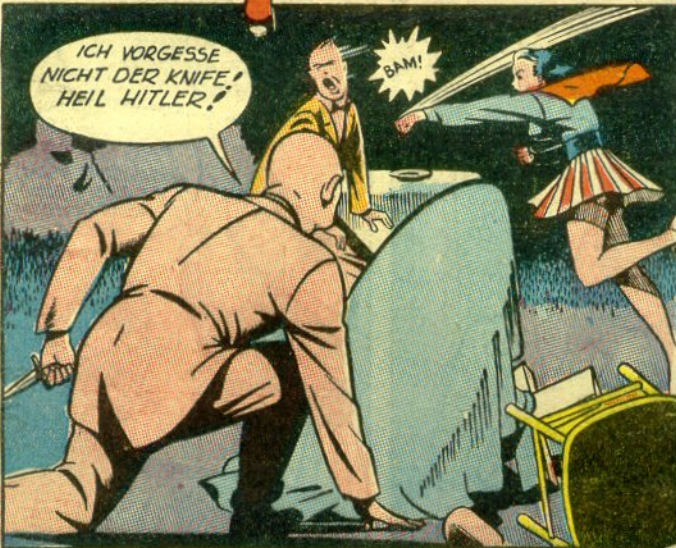
I THINK I
KNOW WHERE
THAT CAME
FROM!



UMPH!

NOW I
KNOW I'M RIGHT!
THAT NAZI
SMELL!

POW



ICH VORGESSE
NICHT DER KNIFE!
HEIL HITLER!

BAM!



NOW YOU DIE FOR
DER DEMOCRACY!
YAWOHL!

WHAT YOU NEED
IS AN EDUCATION!
HAVE A BOWL OF
ALPHABET SOUP!



SPUTT!



WHAT A
SHOW!

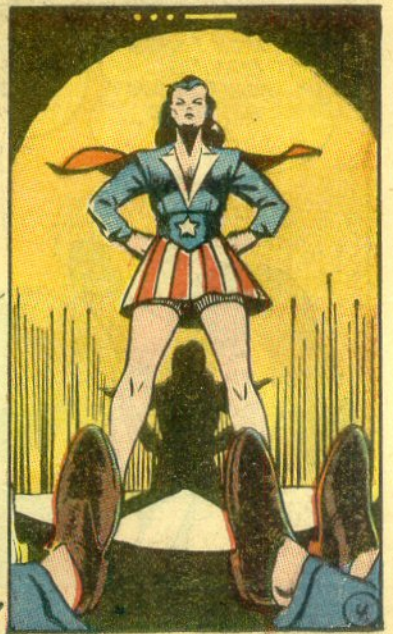
HURRAY
FOR PAT!

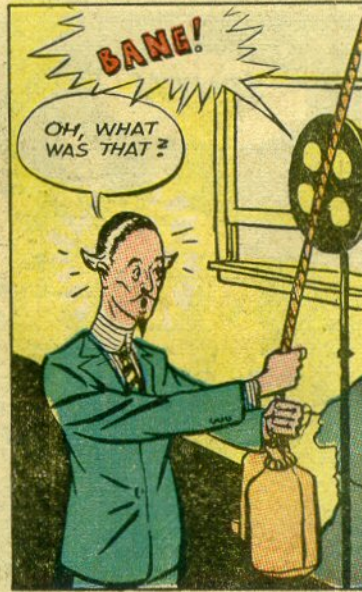
COLOSSAL!

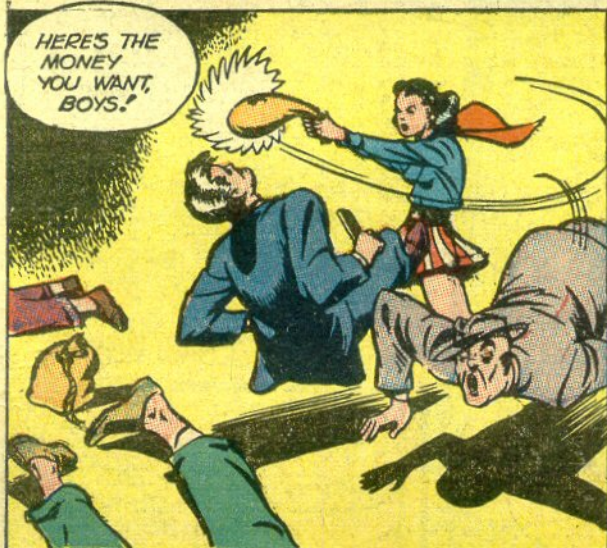
WOW!

BRAVO
PAT!

TERRIFIC!







REAL

Number One

AMERICAN



LAST ISSUE YOU SAW HOW JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT LAWYER AND FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN INDIAN WAS SUMMONED TO NEW YORK TO PROSECUTE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. IT WAS THE BRONZE TERROR VS. THE BRONX TERROR (IF YOU DIDN'T READ THE LAST ISSUE-- WHY DIDN'T YOU? YOU MISSED SOMETHING TERRIFIC!) WELL JEFF DIXON THE BRONZE TERROR, AND LILLY HIS SWEETHEART, ARE STILL IN NEW YORK, READY TO LEAVE FOR THE GOLDEN WEST...

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW EVENING DRESS, JEFF?

IT'S A KNOCK OUT. BUT YOU WON'T BE USING IT MUCH BACK HOME.



BY
DICK
BRIEFER



THE SILENCER ON THE GUN
MUFFLES THE EXPLOSION,
AND JEFF DIXON SLUMPS
OVER ON THE TABLE.

JEFF--
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

LADY, HE
CAN'T TAKE
IT. HE HAD
ONE DRINK
AND HE'S OUT.

HE-- HE'S BEEN
SHOT! QUICK--
HELP ME GET
HIM OUT OF HERE.

JEFF IS WHISKED AWAY
TO HIS HOTEL.

HE'LL BE ALLRIGHT,
MISS. JUST A SUPER-
FICIAL WOUND. PLAY
SAFE AND KEEP HIM
IN BED A FEW
DAYS.

I CERTAINLY
WILL. AND
THANK YOU
AGAIN,
DOCTOR.

WHAT
HAPPENED,
LILLY?
WHY AM I
IN BED?

SHHH--
YOU
HAVE A
MILD
CASE OF
LEAD
POISONING.

Next
Day:
DAILY
THE PAPER THAT
JEFF DIXON, NOTED
LAWYER, MYSTERI-
SHOT IN CAFE &
ONLY SLIGHTLY
WOUNDED.

THAT SILENCER ALWAYS
DID SPOIL MY AIM! SO
I DIDN'T GET HIM--WELL,
I'LL TURN THE TABLES
ON HIM. HE TOOK MY
GIRL-- I'LL TAKE
HIS!

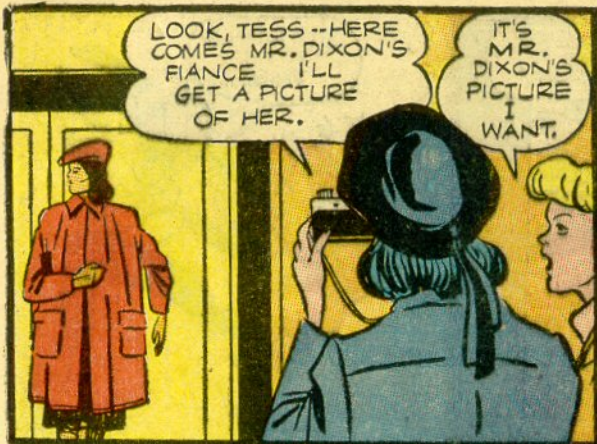
IS THERE ANYTHING
ELSE YOU WANT WHILE
I GO DOWN TO THE
STORE,
JEFF?

NOPE--
JUST
HURRY
BACK,
LILLY.

AT THAT MOMENT, GOING INTO
THE HOTEL----

HURRY UP, JUNE.
THE HIGH SCHOOL
PAPER CAN'T
WAIT--- GO UP TO
MR. DIXON'S SUITE
AND INTERVIEW
HIM-- AND GET
A PICTURE
OF HIM!

J, TESS--
SCARED
MY KNEES
ARE
SHAKING--
!



LUCKILY, THERE IS AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE HOTEL WHO PERMITS THE GIRLS TO DEVELOP THE PICTURES.



WE WON'T WASTE TIME DESCRIBING HOW THE BRONZE TERROR GETS TO BULL'S HOME-- RATHER, LET US PICK UP AT THE TIME OF HIS ARRIVAL..

BRONZE TERROR!

HELLO, BULL, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT!

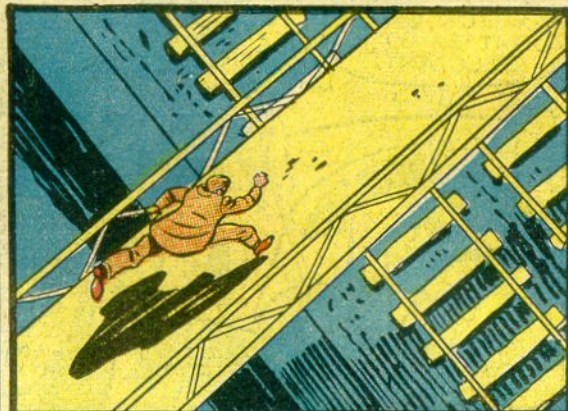


STARTING WITH THIS!



WHY--- THAT RAT!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

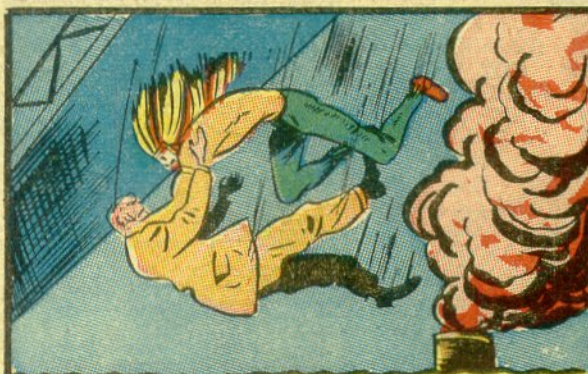


THANKS FOR LIVING ON THE SECOND FLOOR, BULL.

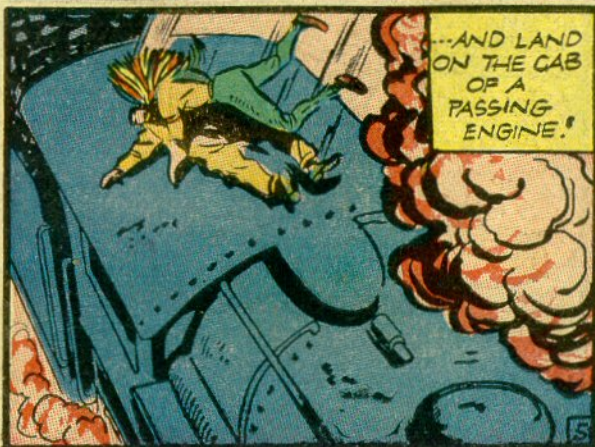


THE BRONZE TERROR LEAPS OUT OF THE WINDOW ONTO BULL.

THEY STRUGGLE, HANGING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE RAIL..



THEY BOTH TUMBLE OFF THE LOW BRIDGE....



...AND LAND ON THE CAB OF A PASSING ENGINE!

BULL BREAKS AWAY FROM
THE BRONZE TERROR--



HE DESPERATELY TRIES
TO ESCAPE---



BUT FINDS
OUT THE
AGE-OLD
STORY
THAT
CRIME
DOESN'T
PAY!



Good
after--

YOU ALL RIGHT,
LADY? WAKE
UP-- YOU'RE
GOING HOME.



WE GOT A PHONE
CALL FROM THE
BRONZE TERROR
TELLING US YOU
WERE HERE.

YOU MEAN
THE BRONZE
TERROR
SAVED ME?



I JUST CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
HOW THE
BRONZE
TERROR
GETS AROUND
SO MUCH..

WELL, IF I'M CONFINED
TO A SICKBED,
SOMEONE HAS TO
WATCH OVER YOU.

NEXT ISSUE, I RETURN
TO THE
RESERVATION
IN A SLAM-
BANG TALE
OF BAD MEN,
REVENGE,
AND
INDIAN
JUSTICE.
Don't
Miss
It!

L

ONDON

OUT OF THE MUCK AND MIRE WHICH IS HITLER'S MIND... OUT OF THE LAND OF CORRUPTION WHICH IS NAZIDOM, COMES THE TRUMP CARD IN THE WAR OF DEATH... AN ATTACK WITH GERMS ON THE BRITISH ISLES... WILL LONDON BE ABLE TO BATTLE THIS INVISIBLE PLAGUE SUCCESSFULLY OR WILL IT DESTROY THE LIFE BLOOD OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST EMPIRE AND LEAVE A POISONED PEOPLE IN IT'S WAKE ??

WE FIND MARK HOLMES, THE ENGLISH NEWS FORECASTER WHO IS IN TRUTH LONDON, HIGH IN THE HEAVENS OVER FRENCH TERRAIN....

HELLO ENGLAND — MARK HOLMES SPEAKING... HAVE AUTHENTIC INFORMATION THAT LONDON IS HEAD-ING INSIDE GERMANY TO INVESTI-GATE REPORTS OF A NEW SECRET NAZI DRIVE! MORE LATER.....
SIGNING OFF...



While LONDON'S PLANE PIERCES THE NIGHT AS IF IT WERE PART OF THE VERY DARKNESS ITSELF, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE....

TIME FOR MARK HOLMES TO BECOME LONDON!

PAINTING THIS PLANE BLACK HAS WORKED OUT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT... I HAVEN'T BEEN SPOTTED YET... THIS FIELD LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO SETTLE IN.

AN HOUR LATER INSIDE THE HEART OF NAZI DOMINATED FRANCE, THE IDOL OF A SURPRISED NATION APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND ASKS HURRIED, HOPEFUL QUESTIONS OF HIS BRAVE AND NOBLE FOLLOWING....

FRANCIS! TELL ME, HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF A SECRET ATTACK?

NO, LONDON, NOTHING AT ALL! NOT EVEN A WHISPER!

PAULINE! WHAT NEWS!

OH LONDON! THEY ARE PLANNING SOMETHING.. SOMETHING TERRIBLE... BUT I KNOW NOT WHERE!

YES, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND... BUT ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE ACTIVITY WILL BE NEAR THE CHANNEL CITIES!

LONDON! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! THE BLASTED NAZIS ARE GOING TO DO IT! ATTACK ENGLAND WITH BACTERIA BOMBS!... MY BROTHER OBTAINED THE INFORMATION AND THEY KILLED HIM!... BUT HE GAVE IT TO ME FIRST!

THEY'VE THE BOMB FLUID JUST OUTSIDE OF DUNKIRK... BUT I'M AFRAID YOU MAY BE TOO LATE... THE SCHEDULED TIME FOR ATTACK IS WITHIN AN HOUR!

GOT TO TAKE CHANCES NOW!

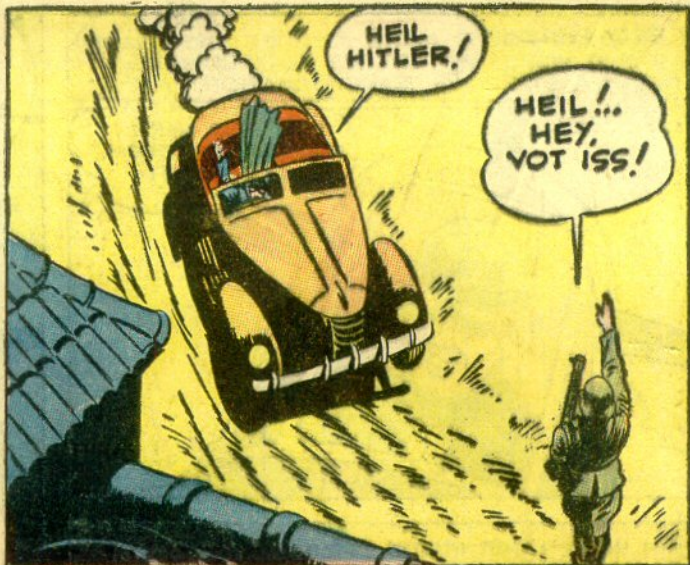
A MILLION THANKS, FRANCOIS, I'LL BE OFF AND PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE!

PARDON ME, HAVE YOU A MATCH?

W.... LONDON!



NEVER MIND,
I'LL LIGHT
MY OWN!



HEIL
HITLER!

HEIL!...
HEY,
VOT ISS!

TEN MINUTES LATER...



THERE'S A FACTORY AHEAD NOW..
FROM THE LOOKS OF THOSE
GUARDS, IT MUST BE THE ONE!



THAT FENCE PROBABLY
CARRIES ENOUGH JUICE
TO TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF!...



...SO!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CHEMICAL
PLANT A GUARD LEAVES AND....



YAH
WOHL!

I GO UND
SLEEP NOW,
HANG-MAKE
SURE UND KEEP
VATCH ON DER
BACTERIA BUGS!



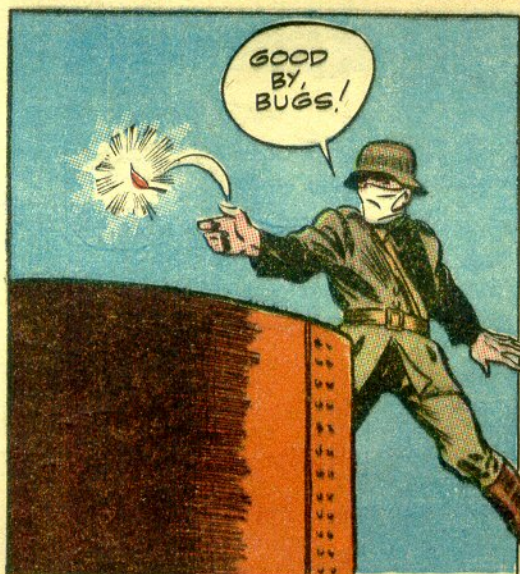
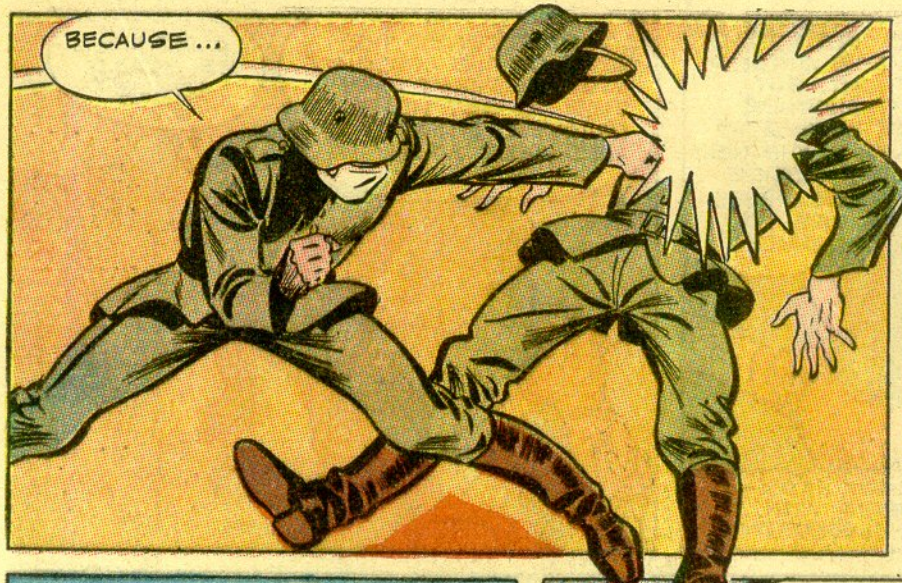
LONDON'S FIST FLICKS OUT....

HIMME.

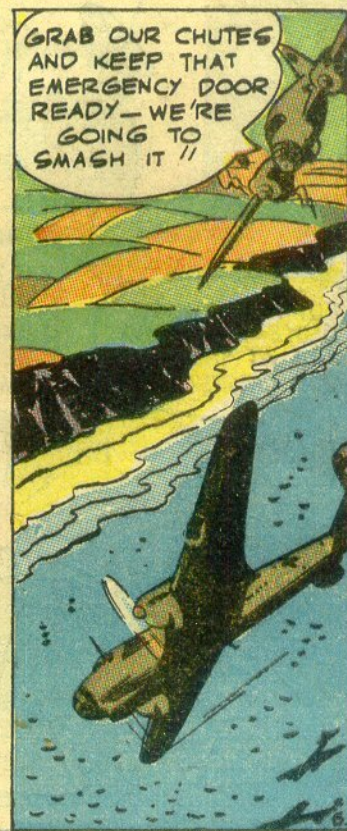
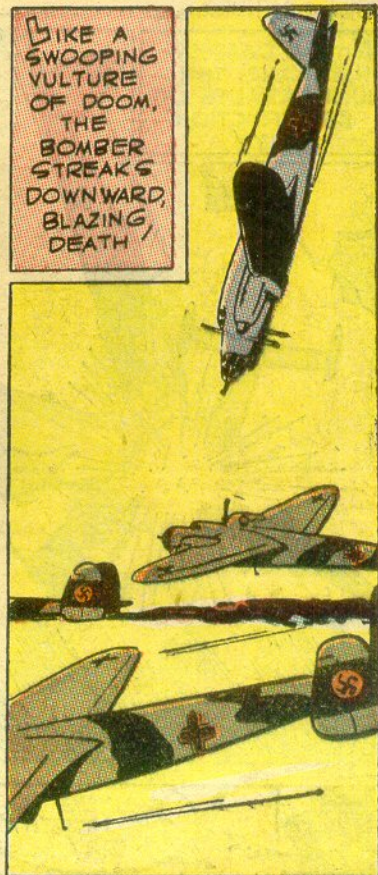


ON SECOND THOUGHT,
I TINK I STAY HERE

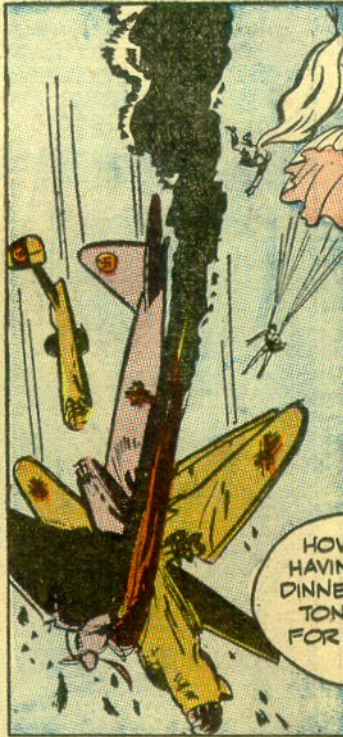
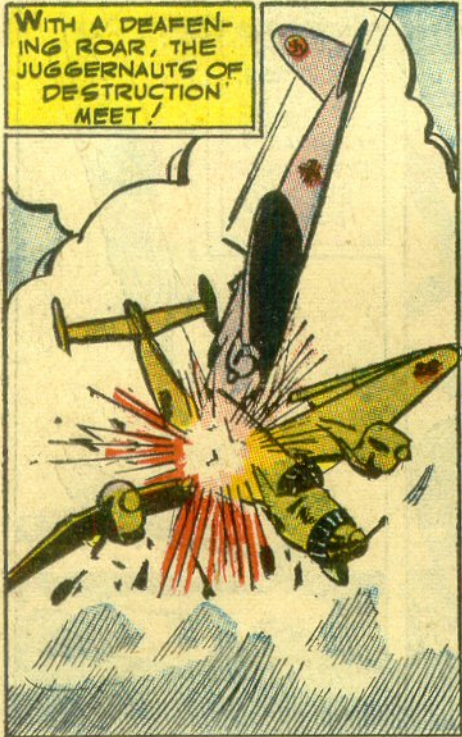
HUH!
VHY'S
DOT!





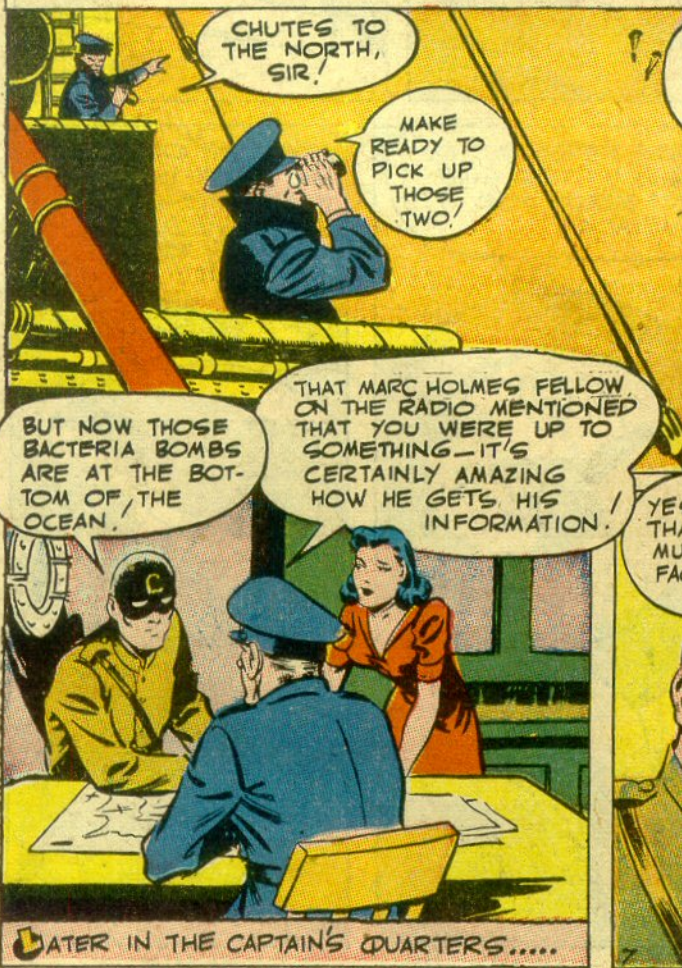


WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE JUGGERNAUTS OF DESTRUCTION MEET!



HOW ABOUT HAVING A QUIET DINNER TOGETHER TONIGHT JUST FOR A CHANGE?

FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, IT WILL BE IN DAVEY JONE'S LOCKER, BUT I ACCEPT!



CHUTES TO THE NORTH, SIR!

MAKE READY TO PICK UP THOSE TWO!

THAT MARC HOLMES FELLOW ON THE RADIO MENTIONED THAT YOU WERE UP TO SOMETHING—IT'S CERTAINLY AMAZING HOW HE GETS HIS INFORMATION!



AHOY, THERE! CAN A COUPLE OF STRANGERS COME ABOARD?

LONDON! I'LL SAY YOU CAN!

YES, LONDON, IT IS ODD THAT HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT YOU—IN FACT IT'S VERY VERY STRANGE.

IS LESLIE SUSPICIOUS THAT MARC HOLMES IS LONDON?

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SUPER SURPRISE IN DAREDEVIL COMICS!

LATER IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.....

THE WHIRLWIND

I NEVER SAW
A MAN FIGHT
SO HARD AS IF
SOME INNER SPARK
HAD CHARGED HIS
GIANT FRAME WITH
UNCONTROLLABLE
POWER!

CLANG

INTRODUCIN'

BOXING'S LATEST SEN-
SATION, MICHAEL HOGAN,
THE "IRISH BLITZ,"
AS OUR STORY OPENS, HOGAN'S
CURRENT FIGHT HAS DRAWN A
TREMENDOUS CROWD AND THE
FIGHT FANS ARE STARTLED AT
HIS TERRIFIC USE OF ENERGY!
NONE THE LESS IMPRESSED
ARE TERRY TURNER, THE
"WHIRLWIND", HIS MOVIE STAR
MANAGER, JACKIE WINGS
AND FUZZ, HIS
SECOND....

GOSH!
THIS HOGAN IS
DYNAMITE, JACKIE!
BUT HE CAN'T
LAST THREE
ROUNDS AT THIS
SPEED!

HE DOESN'T
HAVE TO! IN
EVERY FIGHT,
HE KNOCKS
'EM OUT WITHIN
TWO ROUNDS!

AND IN THE
SECOND ROUND,

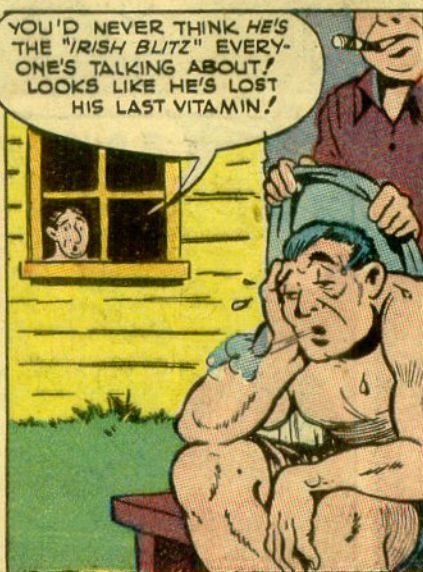
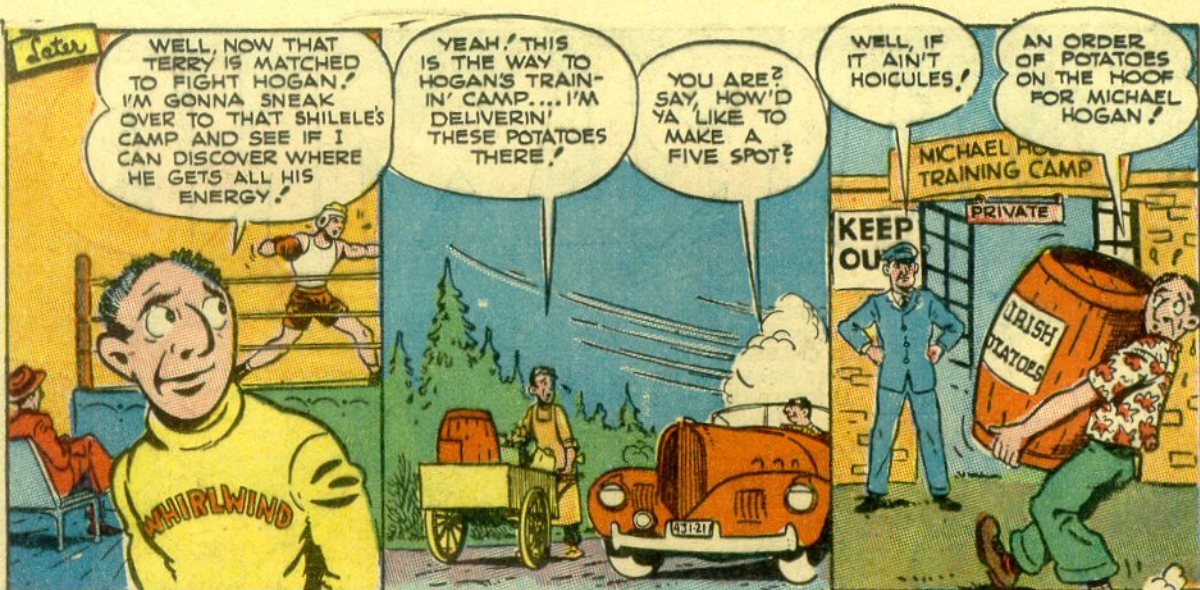
8..9..10!
YER
OUT!

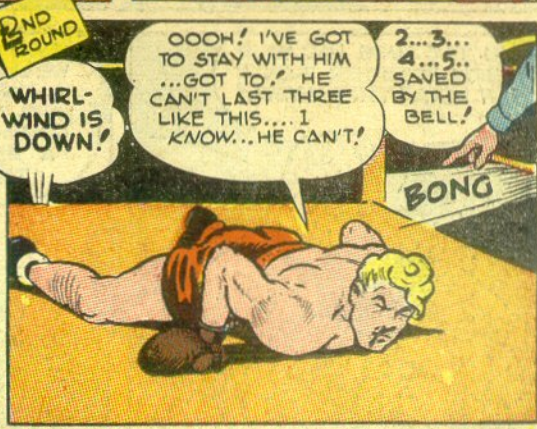
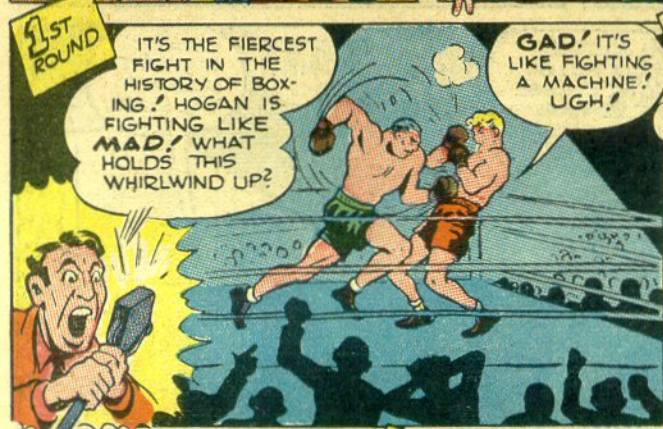
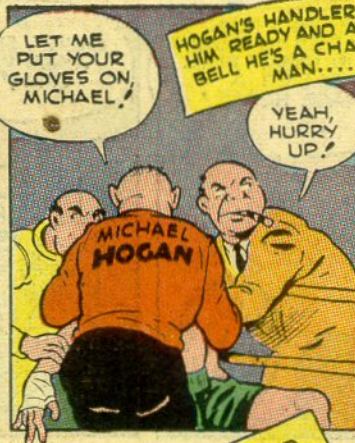
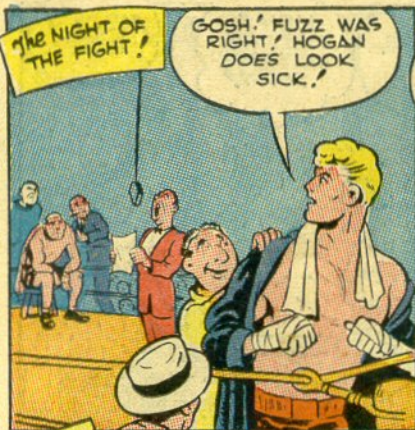
THAT IRISH
BOY IS A REAL
CHALLENGE TO
A FIGHTER!
I'D SURE LIKE
TO GET A
CRACK AT
HIM!

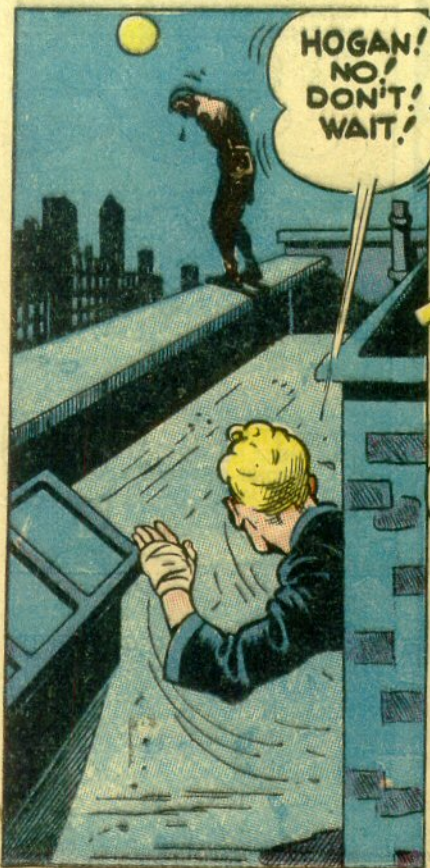
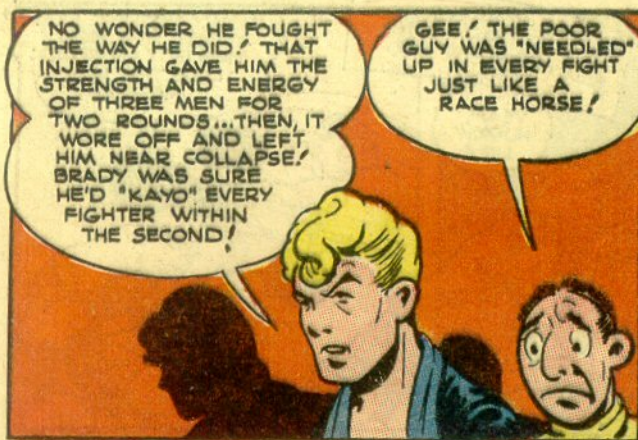
AND AS YOUR
MANAGER, I GUESS
THAT'S A HINT
FOR ME TO
ARRANGE A
MATCH, HUH,
FUZZ?

YEAH,
MISS
JACKIE!











A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE FULL OF MORPHINE? HE STILL THINKS HE CAN'T FIGHT WITHOUT A "SHOT IN THE ARM."

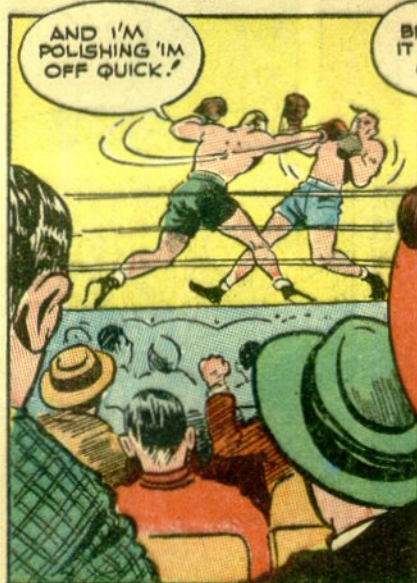


I'LL FIX THAT! I'LL EMPTY IT AND FILL IT WITH HARMLESS WATER!

JUST BEFORE FIGHT TIME...

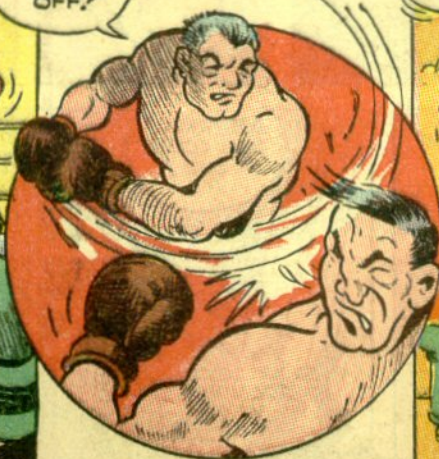


I CAN'T DO IT! I'D BETTER TAKE THE NEEDLE AGAIN! I'M **NOT** GOING TO LOSE **THIS** FIGHT AND LET TERRY DOWN!



AND I'M POLISHING 'IM OFF QUICK!

BEFORE IT WEARS OFF!



THE WINNAH! MICHAEL HOGAN!



I... HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, TERRY!

LET ME MAKE MINE FIRST... I FOUND YOUR NEEDLE IN YOUR SUITCASE AND FILLED IT WITH WATER!



WHAT! YOU MEAN I WON THE FIGHT ALONE? IT WAS ME?

YES MICHAEL, AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, YOU'VE WON YOUR SELF-RESPECT AND I PREDICT A SPARKING CAREER FOR THE "IRISH BLITZ!"



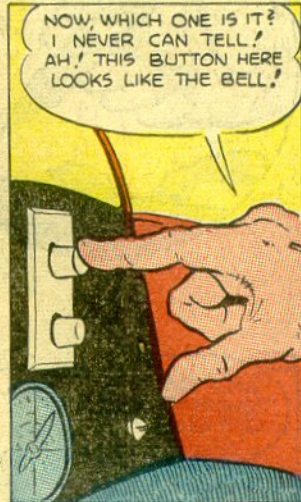
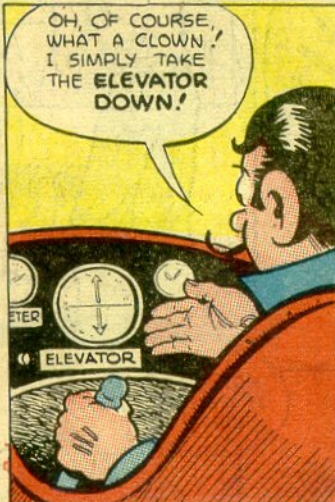
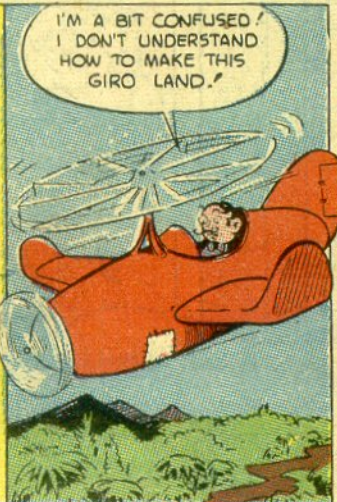
BE PREPARED FOR A SLAMBANG LEATHER SLINGING CONTEST NEXT MONTH WITH WHIRLWIND, *The BLOND BOMBER!*

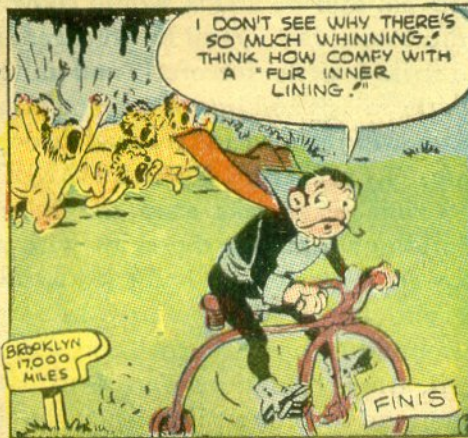
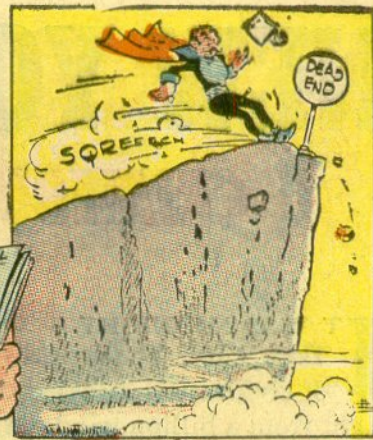
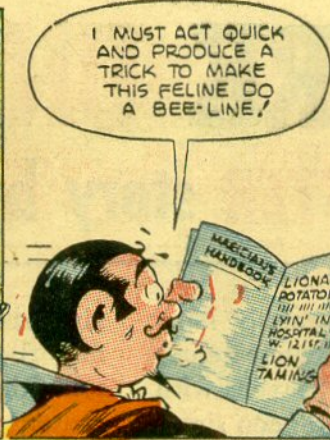
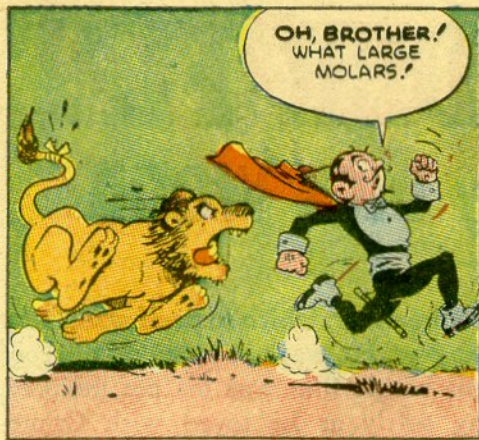
HOUDONNIT

the great

by Montana

The great HOUDONNIT, MASTER MUFFER OF MAGIC, IS FLYING OVER SOUTH AFRICA. IN HIS SUDDEN REQUESTED DEPARTURE FROM INDIA LAST MONTH HOUDONNIT TORE HIS MAGIC CAPE WHEN IT GOT CAUGHT IN HIS "YO-YO". WE FIND HIM ENROUTE TO CAPE TOWN TO REPLACE IT....





NEW YORK UNDER FIRE

a **CRIMEBUSTER** story by **DICK WOOD**

IT WAS MIDNIGHT in the heart of New York City. The world's greatest center of civilization speckled the heavens with light from a billion windows and neon signs. Were a man from another planet to have observed this sparkling metropolis from the peak of the Empire State Building he would undoubtedly have thought that it was a symbol of peace, that only happiness, good will and the right to live, reigned throughout this world of ours. But he would have been wrong. For at this moment, beneath the countless concrete structures that spread out endlessly below, a million souls were working. Fighting desperately to preserve a freedom that was at this very moment being threatened by maddened monarchs of evil from across the seas. Air raid wardens patrolled the streets. Two hundred thousand of them, on the alert for any sign of approaching enemy air craft. Anti-aircraft guns, manned by keen-eyed army men, poked their sturdy chins from the tops of skyscrapers. At the defense airports of the New York area, pilots waited for an alarm, ready at a minute's notice to blast from the sky any invading Axis planes that would seek to unload their deadly missiles of destruction upon the towering buildings of the greatest city on earth. All hoped. Yes, all prayed to heaven, that no attack would come. But was it to come, they would be prepared. Prepared to strike swiftly, forcefully and unitedly. And on the minds and lips of one and all alike, the solemn cry echoed and reached throughout the city, "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!"

Crimebuster was atop the Edison Light Building, scanning the skies with a pair of powerful glasses. He had tried to join the air service but it was no use. In spite of his astounding career in smashing the forces of evil, army regulations were strict. He was too young to become a pilot. They had, however, given him the privilege of becoming a district

air raid commander, which in itself was a very important post. He was not alone on the roof top. Right beside him was his pet monkey, chattering softly as he toyed with Crimebuster's warden whistle. Behind him three soldiers leaned against the roof railing, smoking casually. Next to them, an anti-aircraft gun stood fully loaded and waiting. Even the building itself was not empty. Fifty high school students were having a special class of instruction on the value of electricity in war time. Crimebuster's heart warmed as he thought of the trust and responsibility placed in him. He started to reach for the phone which connected with the air-raid quarters, and then stopped short. From above, the soft drone of a plane came to his ears. He slapped the glasses to his eyes but nothing was visible in the inky darkness of the night. Suddenly a shaft of light shot skyward from the East River. It flicked about the sky searching for a second, then picked up a moving speck in the heavens and remained on it. Outlined in the searchlight beam was a plane—a large trimotored bomber! Crimebuster felt a cold trickle run up and down his spine. That wasn't an American plane. The symbol of the Swastika could be made out easily on the fuselage. He spun the gun around and shouted to the crew, "Enemy plane overhead!" Aroused, the crew leaped to the gun and angled it along the line of the searchlight beam. The sky was littered with planes now—small pursuit bombers. They had dropped through a hole in the sky from out of nowhere and were roaring their way straight toward the center of the city. Crimebuster didn't pause to think how they had penetrated the outer ring of defenses. As the gun sent its first shell screaming skyward, he rushed to the staircase and hurtled down three flights of stairs to the room where the high school students were studying. It was his duty to see that everyone in the building

was protected first of all. As the roar of anti-aircraft fire and bursting bombs rent the air, he entered the instruction room and commanded the frightened and jabbering students to silence. "We're in the midst of an air attack," he said calmly. "Everyone will file down five flights of stairs to the center of the building and—**ABOVE ALL KEEP COOL**."

Crimebuster watched the last student head down the staircase, started down himself—and then stopped. A terrific roar shattered his ears and the building rocked beneath him. He paused, waiting for the return fire of the gun on the roof. Silence—It was his duty during an attack to clear the streets of pedestrians and excitement seekers, but now he hesitated. That bomb had stuck somewhere on the roof! Perhaps the gunnery crew were injured, hurt or dying. In seconds he was on the roof, and his worst fears were realized. The explosion had burst on the opposite side of the roof, but the bomb splinters had sprayed the gun crew. He bent over their bodies hopefully, looking for signs of life. They were all dead, but the gun before them remained untouched save for a small pile of debris. He clinched his teeth tightly and looked up. The sky was now a mad combination of waving light, diving planes, and explosions. Quickly he stepped over to the loaded anti-aircraft gun. Those Nazi planes had to be downed before any more lives were lost. He could easily see that they outnumbered the U.S. Army fighters that were desperately attempting to ward off the attack. Somehow, somehow this powerful squadron of enemy aircraft had managed to reach the city undetected. But, however they managed it, he swore they would not go away unscratched.

Crimebuster's eye squinted along the sights of the steel shaft in front of him. Three Nazi planes were roaring earthward toward the Empire State Building to his left. He yanked the trigger release and was knocked flat by the explosion. On his back he saw a bright flare just in front of the diving planes. The motor of the foremost plane was ripped completely off, and the flames leaped from the remaining parts. It paused for a moment in mid-air, then fluttered down like a burning leaf to the streets below. The other two plummeted down

behind some buildings, and exploded as their bomb-racks struck the roof tops. With the back of his hand, Crimebuster wiped beads of sweat from his forehead. That had been luck—blind luck. He had never fired an anti-aircraft gun before—wasn't even sure how to sight one. The gun must have been adjusted to protect the Empire State Building.

Crimebuster started to reach for another shell, then stopped and threw himself flat. An enemy plane was screeching down toward the building, its machine gun hammering the air. To within a hundred yards of the roof-top it continued its dive, and then pulled out, releasing a black object. The bomb, coming at an angle, narrowly missed the ledge and struck the side of the building in the middle. For a moment the whole structure shuddered—flashes of red flame shot into the air, and bricks and debris littered the sky.

Crimebuster raced for the staircase and took them six at a time. Down on the fortieth floor he burst in upon fifty frenzied high school children, all trying to rush down the exit at once. One side of the floor was entirely torn away, and flames were licking at the demolished structure. Chunks of burning metal were scattered all about. One of the high school fellows rushed with a pail of water and lifted it overhead to pour on the flames. Before he could act, Crimebuster had snatched the pail from his grasp and flung it to the far side of the room. "Never *pour* water on an incendiary bomb," he shouted, "spray it!" In five minutes Crimebuster had organized a calm exit file out of the nervous high school members.

As the students were leaving, Crimebuster was in action, with one student who had stayed behind. Rigging up a piece of hose to the faucet, they sprayed the bomb with a light stream of water until it had burned itself out. By the time they had rejoined the others, the raid was over. The result was a total defeat for the larger enemy air-squadron. Over half of the attacking planes had been shot down, and many others so badly crippled that it was extremely doubtful if they could reach their bases. Americans had again proved to the Axis APES that not only can we take it, but we can dish it out as well!

THE END

YES...IT WAS ALL OUT WAR...ON LAND, IN THE AIR AND ON THE SEA...
THE CONFLICT OF THE AGES...SMOLDERING IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE...
RIGHT AGAINST WRONG, GOOD AGAINST BAD...CHURNING UP A SEA
OF BULLETS AND BLOOD FOR THE WORLD TO BOIL IN...AND ABOVE
IT ALL, STANDS THE MENACING FIGURE OF **THE CLAW**, URGING
THE FORCES OF EVIL EVER ONWARD WITH HIS FANATICAL SCREAMS
OF "DEATH TO THE DEMOCRACIES!!"

THE

CLAW

WORLD'S WORST
VILLAIN

DEATH
TO THE
ALLIES!

BOB
WOOD



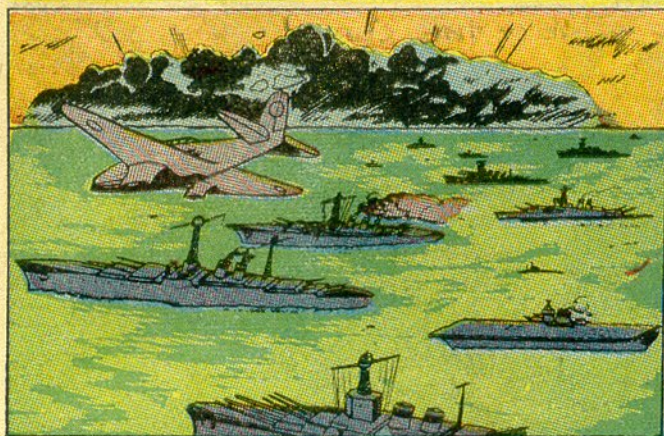
KLOGLO

KLOGLO AND THE GHOST...COMBATANTS IN
THE WORLD'S WIERDEST BATTLE...KLOGLO
WAS SENT TO ASSIST **THE CLAW** IN DEFEAT-
ING OUR BRAVE MAN IN WHITE, BUT **BRAD
HENDRICKS, (THE GHOST)** TURNED THE TABLES
ON THE TRICKY DUO AND SENT THEM SCURRY-
ING FOR SHELTER...BUT NOW, THE HORDES
OF HATE HAVE GAINED MOMENTUM AND ARE
CRUSHING FORWARD...CAN EVEN THE
GHOST WITHSTAND THIS RENEWED
ASSAULT??



The
GHOST

FAR OUT TO SEA, ON THE BOILING CALDRON WHICH IS THE SEETHING BATTLEFIELD OF THE PACIFIC, A HOSTILE FLEET STEALTHILY APPROACHES AMERICA'S SHORES.....



And ON BOARD THE ENEMY SHIPS, ALL IS TENSE--THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE GREATEST ONSLAUGHT OF ALL TIME--THE DEFEAT OF AMERICA!!



WE WERE SUPPOSED TO RECEIVE AID TODAY FROM GERMAN AGENTS...WONDER WHO THEY COULD BE?



KAPITAN!
KAPITAN!
A MAN COMES OUT OF CLOUDS IN PARACHUTE!



Yes, A MAN COMES OUT OF THE CLOUDS...THE CRAFTY GERMAN AGENT, KLOGLO!



LOOK, HE IS JUST A LITTLE FELLOW!

HAR! WHAT'S HE DOING WAY OUT HERE?

SILENCE, FOOLS!



LITTLE MAN, YOU HAFF FALLEN INTO THE ARMS OF THE JAPANESE FLEET! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, QUICKLY?

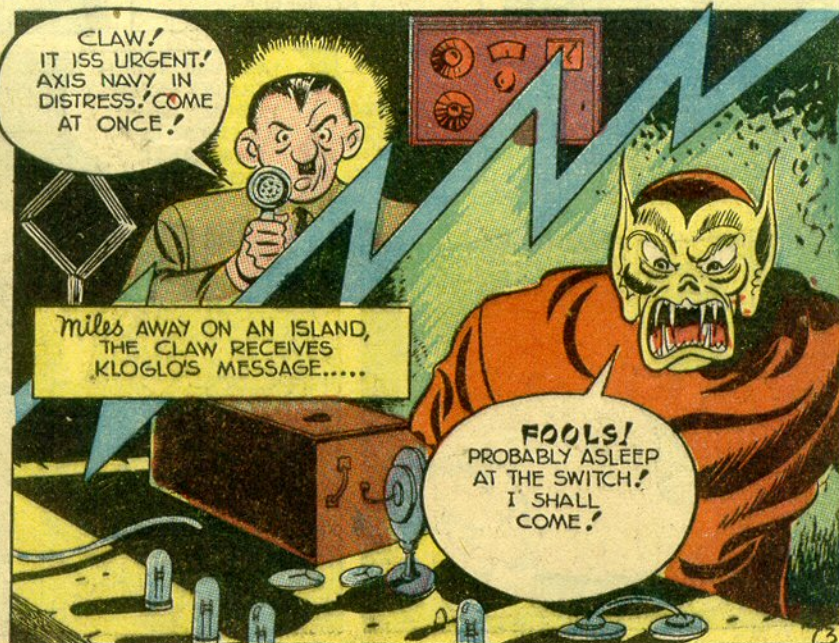
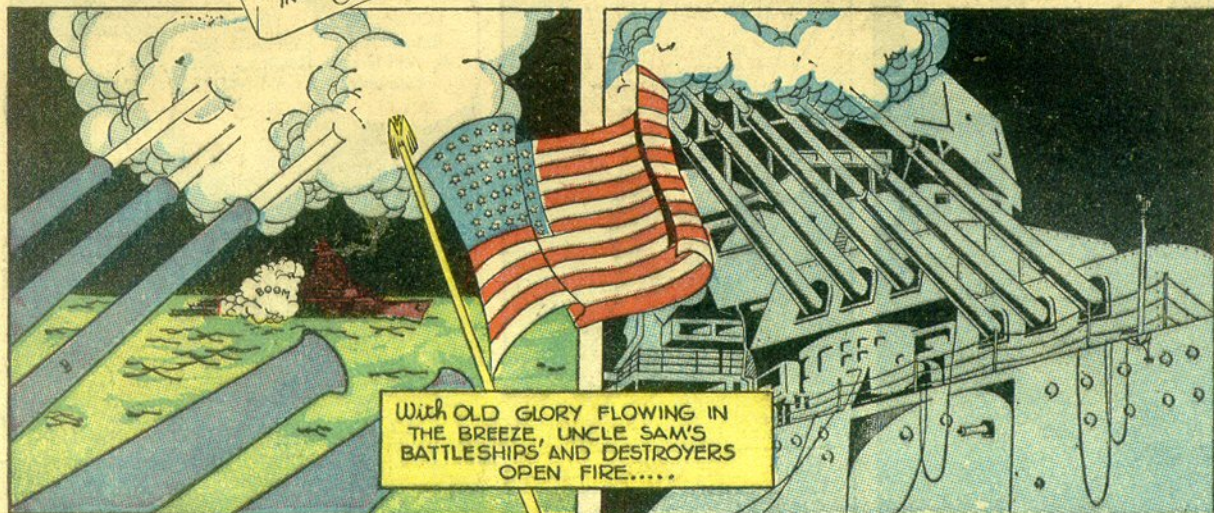
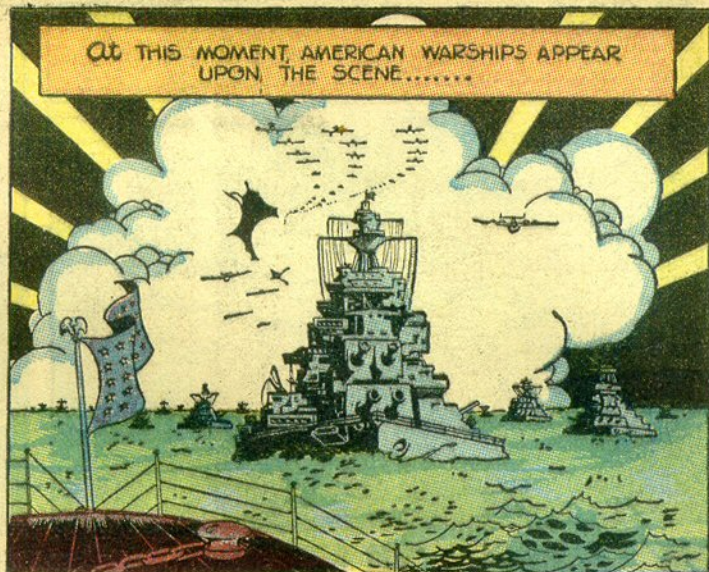
CLOSE DER FACE, YELLOW PUSS!... I AM DER VUN TO GIFF ORDERS HERE!



DISS VILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT KLOGLO, AGENT SUPERIOR UFF DER NAZI GOVERNMENT!



NOW THEN, TO BUSINESS! I HAFF HERE SEALED ORDERS WHICH MUST BE FOLLOWED!



THAT INSIGNIFICANT
PEEPSQUEAK, KLOGLO!
ALWAYS I HAVE TO
PULL THE AXIS OUT
OF THEIR STUPID
BLUNDERS!!



AND SO, INTO THE SEA PLUNGES THE WORLD'S
WORST VILLAIN, SEETHING WITH REVENGE
AND PREPARED TO BREAK THE BACK OF THE
AMERICAN NAVY....

不
休



MEANWHILE IN SAN FRANCISCO, BRAD
HENDRICKS, ALIAS THE GHOST, LISTENS
WITH KEEN INTEREST TO WAR NEWS
OF THE BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC...

FLASH! NEWS
HAS BEEN RE-
CEIVED THAT THE
CLAW IS FIGHTING
WITH THE JAP
FORCES! OUR
NAVY IS IN GREAT
PERIL!

HMM....



NO ONE CAN
BATTLE THE CLAW
UNLESS THEY UNDER-
STAND HIS TACTICS!
IF I COULD GET HOLD
OF A PLANE, I'D...
SAY... MAYBE
I CAN!



MINUTES LATER, THE GLEAMY
WHITE FIGURE OF THE GHOST
STEPS INTO THE NIGHT....

THERE'S AN
ARMY PLANE OUT
AT THE AIRPORT--
MAYBE LOADED
WITH GAS--JUST
THE THING!



I HATE TO STEAL THIS
PLANE, BUT THESE GAS
BOMBS WILL BE MORE
IMPORTANT IN DEFEAT-
ING THE CLAW THAN
FOR OTHER PUPOSES!



OFF INTO THE NIGHT SPEEDS
THE GHOST ON HIS ERRAND
OF DARING....

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

FROM WHAT THE
RADIO SAID, THE
BATTLE SHOULD
BE NEAR HERE!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE
AMERICAN NAVY IS TAKING THE
MOST SEVERE PUNISHMENT OF
ITS ENTIRE HISTORY...

DROWN!
YOU DOGS OF
DEMOCRACY!





GLEEFULLY, THE CLAW CACKLES AS THE AMERICANS FLOUNDER FOR SAFETY..

HA! HA!
HA! DIE FOOLS!

ABANDON SHIP!
WE'RE GOING DOWN!



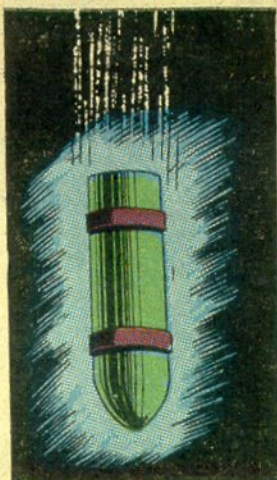
BUT AS THE MONSTER GLOATS, FROM OFF IN THE DISTANCE APPEARS THE GHOST'S PLANE...

THERE HE IS, NOW!



HERE GOES!

ZOUNDS!
THAT IS NOT A JAPANESE PLANE!



DOWN, DOWN, GATHERING MOMENTUM WITH EVERY SECOND, PLUNGES THE GAS LADEN BOMB...



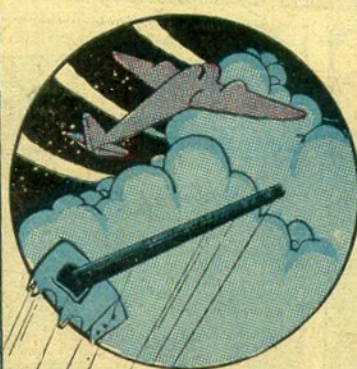
BUT ALAS, THE CLAW IS ON HIS GUARD! HE DODGES AS THE BOMB PLUNGES FUTILELY INTO THE SEA...

4! 1? 4! 1?
AN AMERICAN DOG, NO DOUBT!



THE MONSTROUS HAND OF THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN DARTS OUT AND SEIZES ONE OF THE MASSIVE GUNS FROM THE FAST SINKING BATTLESHIP...

TEN TO ONE IT'S THE GHOST!



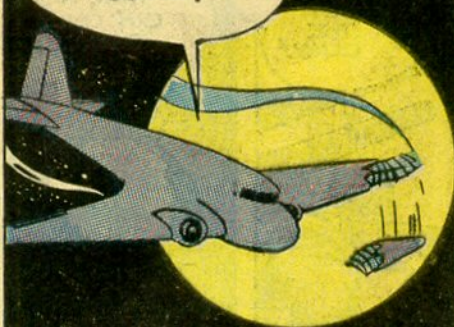
A DARING MOVE, THE GIANT HURLS THE WEAPON OF DEATH STRAIGHT FOR THE GHOST'S SHIP....



A HIT! THE CLAW PROVES HIMSELF AN EXCELLENT MARKSMAN, AS THE GUN INJURES THE WING OF THE GHOST'S PLANE....

HIS SHIP CRIPPLED, THE GHOST IS FORCED TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING...

WOW! GOTTA THINK FAST! I ONLY HAVE ONE MORE OF THOSE GAS BOMBS!



AS HIS PLANE HOPELESSLY FLOUNDERS, THE GHOST BANKS IT OVER AND RELEASES HIS FINAL BOMB!



A DIRECT HIT! THE BOMB LANDS FLUSH ON THE CLAW'S BACK! ITS FUMES SURROUND HIM!



THE ORIENTALS ARE SHOCKED TO FIND THE CLAW HELPLESS.

THE CLAW! HE IS GASPING! WHITE DOG MUST HAVE POISONED HIM!

CURSES!

LOOK! MORE AMERICAN SHIPS AND PLANES!



RETREAT!

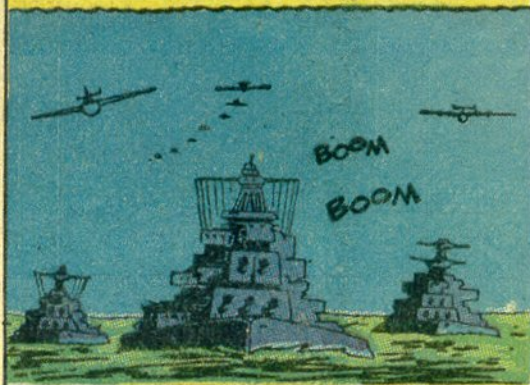


AS THE JAPS START TO RETREAT, THE GHOST IS STILL FLOUNDERING ABOUT IN HIS CRIPPLED PLANE!

THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE TURNING BACK, BUT NOW, I'M IN A JAM! I'VE GOT IT!



ON AND ON, MOVE THE AMERICAN REINFORCEMENTS.....



REALIZING HIS PLANE IS USELESS, THE GHOST AIMS IT AT A GIANT JAPANESE BOMBER....



...AND BAILS OUT!



HE FLOATS DOWN UPON AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

LOOK! A PARACHUTIST!

WHAT KIND OF A UNIFORM IS THAT?

ON BOARD, THE CREW IS STARTLED TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THEIR STRANGE VISITOR....

WELL, I'LL BE...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE GHOST WAS ONLY A MYTH!

NOW LOOK, MEN, WE HAVE **ONE** CHANCE TO GET THE CLAW!

WHILE THE CLAW'S HELPLESS OUT THERE, WE CAN TIE HIM UP WITH CHAINS! QUICK, NOW, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

AS THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN FIGHTS TO OVERCOME THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS, THE U.S. BATTLESHIP APPROACHES HIM....

BOOTH, UPON THE MONSTER, HEAVY CHAINS ARE FLUNG ABOUT HIS NECK...CAN IT BE? YES, AT LAST, THE CLAW HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

THERE HE IS...EASY NOW!

SWINE!
COUGH, COUGH,
SPUT!

AHH!

FOR HOURS, UNCLE SAM'S FORCES BATTLE TO OVERCOME THE CLAW...FINALLY, THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL! SHORTLY THE MONSTER IS ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER ENROUTE FOR AMERICA...

DOGS! THEY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME IN A WEAKENED CONDITION! EVERY LIVING AMERICAN SHALL REGRET THIS!
THE CLAW SHALL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

Later
KLOGLO
ADDRESS-
ES THE
AXIS
POWERS

ATTENTION LEADERS OF THE AXIS...WITHOUT THE CLAW WE ARE DOOMED! HE MUST BE RESCUED AT ALL COSTS! EVERY AVAILABLE SHIP MUST BE USED! I AWAIT YOUR ORDERS!

And so, the next day the greatest combination of naval strength the world has ever seen sets forth with one purpose in mind--to rescue the claw! Will they succeed? Find the answer in next month's **DAREDEVIL COMICS!**

STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias

The Niagara Falls

WHERE is the Niagara Falls? Is it in the United States? If your answer is "Yes," then you are approximately 32% correct, as only the American Falls which is part of Niagara, lies wholly within the borders of the United States. Here are the facts.

The Niagara River which forms the boundary between the United States and Canada is separated by a small strip of land at the falls called Goat Island. This island diverts the river to flow on either

lies within the Canadian boundary, we find proof of this fact from the postage stamps of United States and Canada. On the 25c U. S. stamps of the period 1922-38, we find a reproduction of the American Falls. The 20c Canadian stamps of 1938 shows only a small part of the American Falls, Goat Island, the Horseshoe Falls and a Canadian power plant. Glancing at these two stamps, one can easily see that the Canadian Falls is much, much wider than the American Falls.

To give you an idea of how big Niagara Falls is, just try to visualize that 120,000,000 gallons of water pass over the falls each minute. In weight, this is equivalent



AMERICAN FALLS

side of it so that two distinct waterfalls are produced. The American Falls has a curving front of 1,400 feet and is 167 feet high. The Canadian or Horseshoe Falls is 158 feet high and has a curving front of 2,950 feet, more than twice as long as the American Falls. Most of the waters of the Niagara River is diverted over the Canadian Falls for only 1/10 of the entire volume goes over the American Falls.

To prove the above statement that most of the Niagara Falls



CANADIAN FALLS

lent to 500,000 tons of water per minute (Some drink of water).

Most stamp collectors already have both of the illustrated Niagara Falls stamps for they are easy to obtain and their price is very low.

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MYSTERY
OF THE
EVERGLADES
CHAPT.
I

13 and JINX



OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THE
MYSTERIOUS ORIENT, COMES A
BLACK BEARER OF EVIL, BRING-
ING THAT WHICH EVEN BRAVE
MEN FEAR... THE UNKNOWN!

THIRTEEN AND JINX GO FORTH
TO BATTLE THE TREACHERY
AND INSIDIOUSNESS OF

BLACK MAGIC!

THIRTEEN (HAL HIGGINS) AND JINX (DARREL CRAIG) ARE ON VACATION IN FLORIDA...

LOOK AT THIS ITEM, DARREL!

HUH!

ENGINEER M...
JOHN BLAKE, CHIEF ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF THE AIRBASE UNDER CONSTRUCTION, WAS MURDERED TODAY. HE WAS FOUND DEAD WITH A HOLE IN HIS CHEST FROM WHICH NO BLOOD FLOWED. AUTHORITIES ARE UNABLE TO FIND ANY WEAPON.
FIFTY FRIGHTENED LABORERS QUIT IMMEDIATELY. HOWEVER A NEW ENGINEER NEW HIRE WITH A NEAR AS...

STRICTLY A JOB FOR THIRTEEN AND JINX!
RIGHT?

RIGHT! BOY, THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE SOME VACATION!

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE AIRBASE...

THAT MUST BE THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING! ... AND THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE BOTTOM WINDOW!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

WHAT TH... ANOTHER MURDER!

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT THE NEW ENGINEER THE SAME WAY THEY DID THE OTHER! POOR GUY!

WHY ANYONE WANT TO KILL ENGINEER, BOSS?

BOSS! HE MUST BE THE CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN OR SOMETHING!

BACK JINX, THEY'RE COMING OUT!

IF YOU ASK ME THAT WITCH, "JET" OF THE "BLACK ISLAND" DID IT WITH HER BLASTED BLACK MAGIC!

THE SUPERSTITIOUS HALF-BREED LABORERS GROW HYSTERICAL AT THE MENTION OF BLACK MAGIC!



THE WORKERS DESERT...

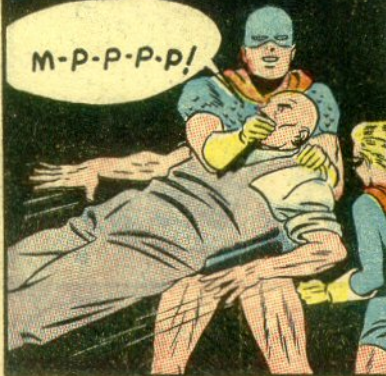
BLACK MAGIC! ME
NOT WORK. HERE!

WITCH OF EVER-
GLADES!
AIRBASE HEXED!



PARDON ME!
I'D LIKE A
WORD WITH YOU!

M-P-P-P-P!



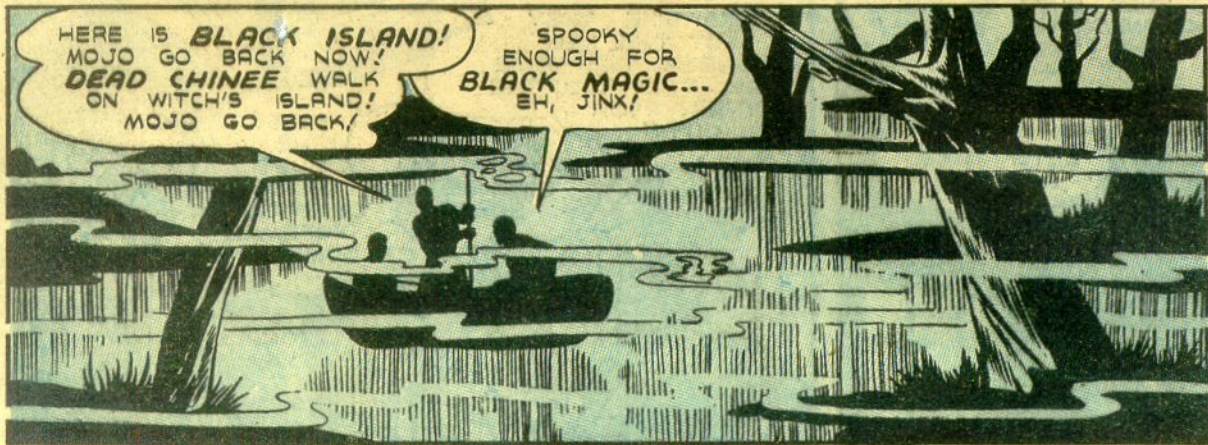
HERE! YOU TAKE
US TO WITCH'S
ISLAND, GET
MONEY! NOT
TAKE US,
YOU GET PUNCH
ON SNOOT!

MOJO
TAKE
YOU!

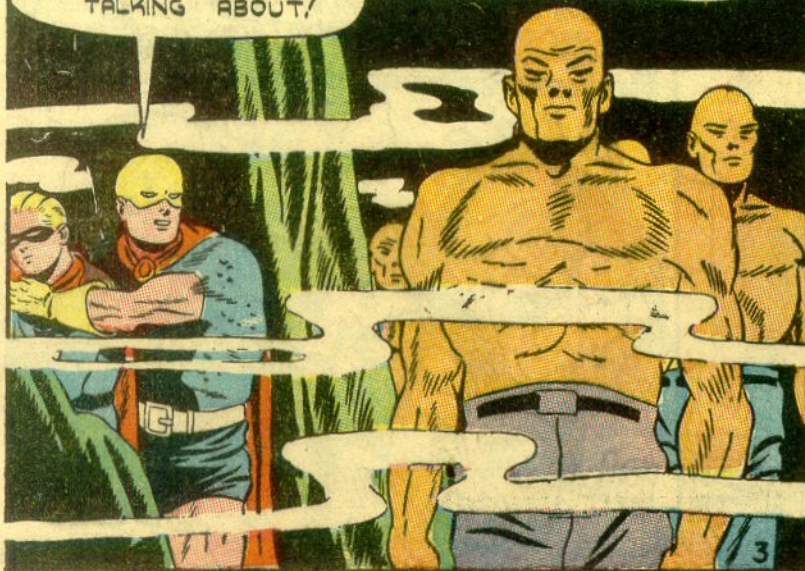


HERE IS BLACK ISLAND!
MOJO GO BACK NOW!
DEAD CHINEE WALK
ON WITCH'S ISLAND!
MOJO GO BACK!

SPOOKY
ENOUGH FOR
BLACK MAGIC...
EH, JINX!

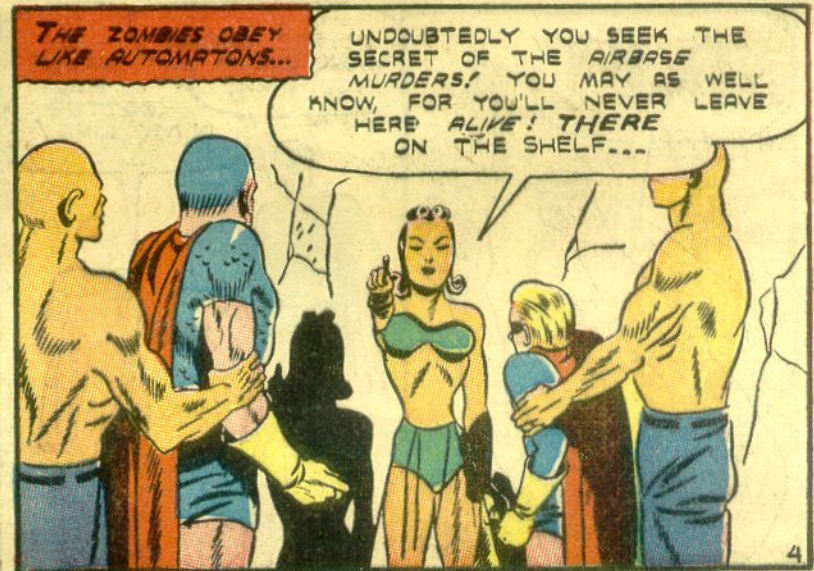
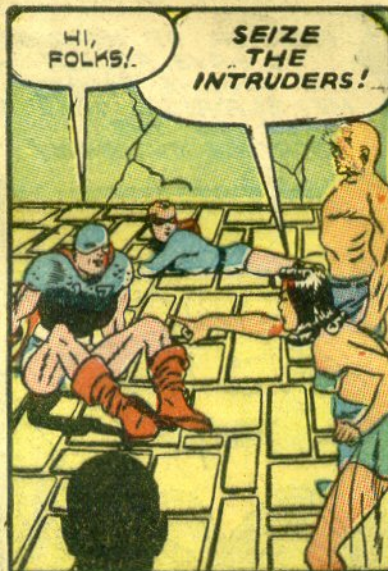
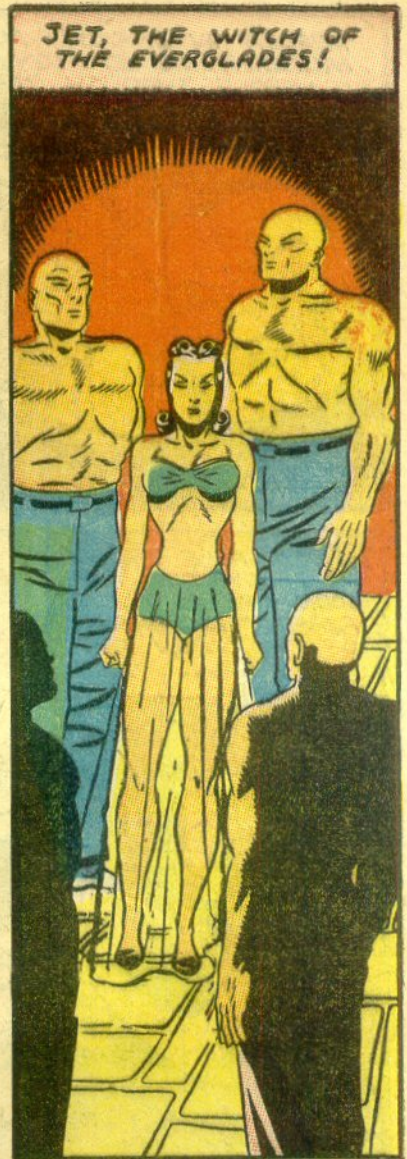


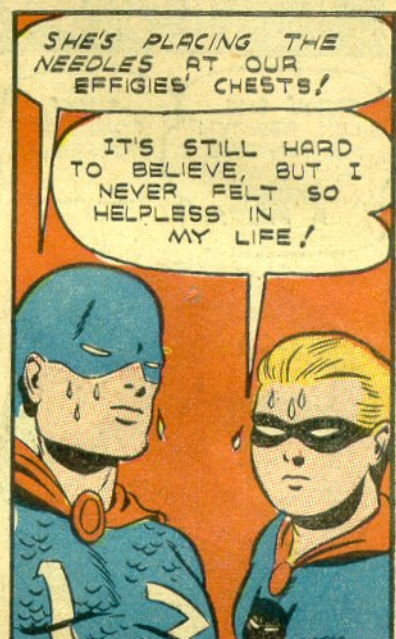
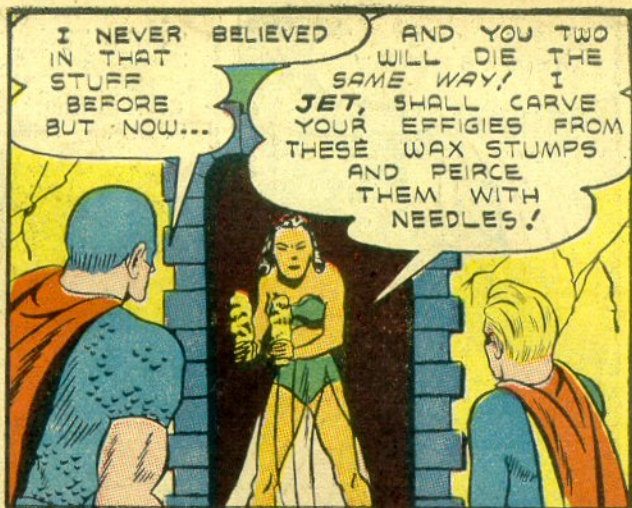
WHAT THE... CHINESE
ZOMBIES! THIS IS
WHAT MOJO WAS
TALKING ABOUT!

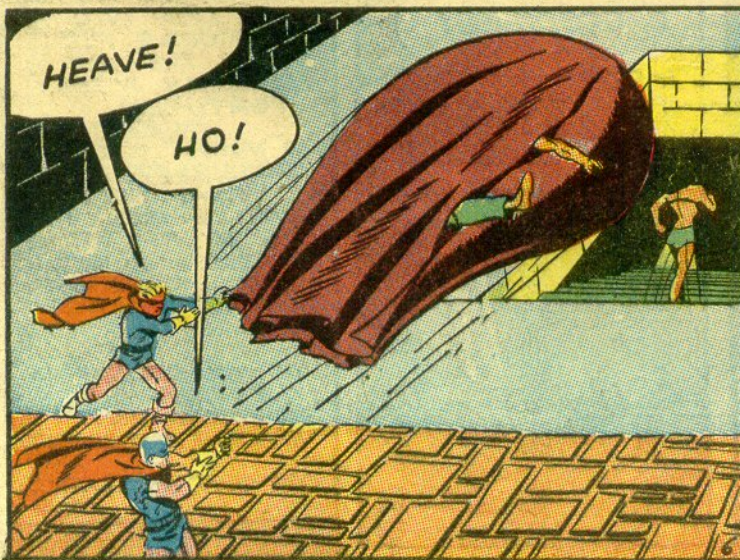
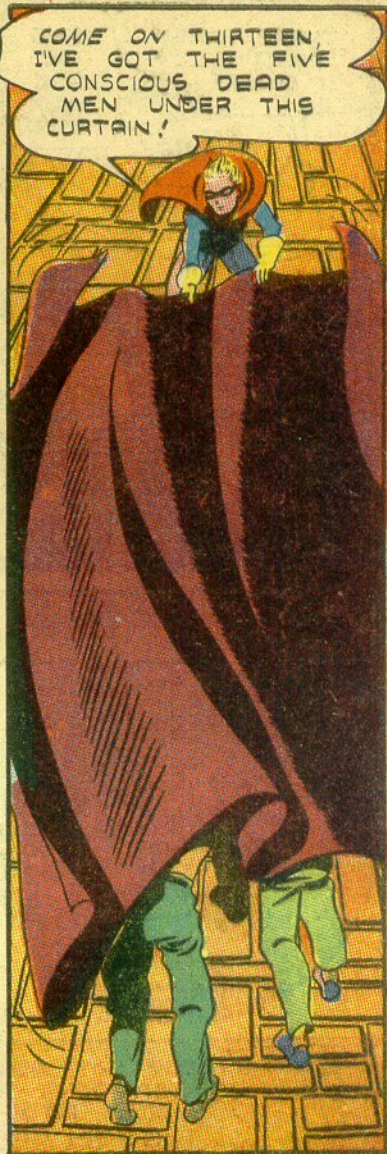


THEY'RE MAKING FOR
THAT CASTLE! LET'S
SEE IF WE CAN'T
GET IN!



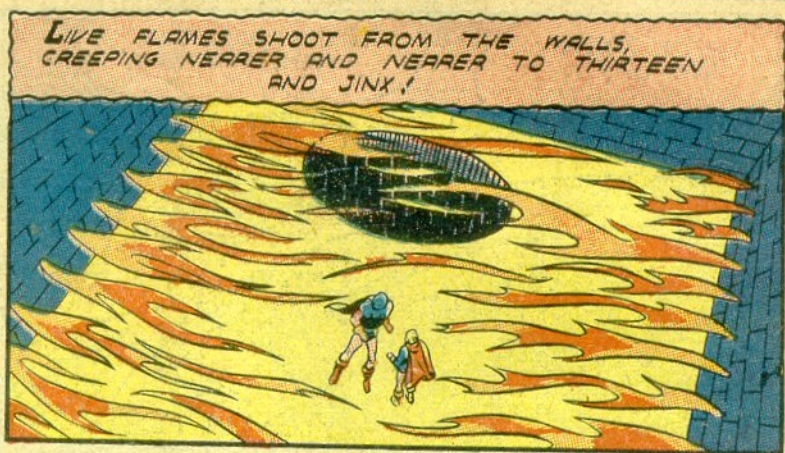








JET PULLS A BRAKE AND...



A WIDE WELL LIES WHERE THE STAIRCASE HAD BEEN...



WHAT A SPOT OUR FRIENDS ARE IN!! WILL THEY LEAP INTO THE CROCODILE PIT, OR WILL THEY DIE HORRIBLY IN THE TORTURING FLAMES?? IS MURDER IN EFFIGY POSSIBLE? IF SO, WHY DIDN'T THIRTEEN AND JINK DIE BY THE WITCH'S NEEDLE? IF NOT, WHAT KILLED THE ENGINEERS WITHOUT SPILLING THEIR BLOOD?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE LIVING DEAD? NO? THEN WHAT EXPLAINS THE ZOMBIES!

YOU CAN'T MISS CHAPT. 2

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